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Chas. W. Savidge,

SHOTS

From the Pulpit.

Sermons for Every-Day Dife.

BY

CHARLES W. SAVIDGE,

Pastor of Seward St. M. E. Church, Omaha, Neb.

INTRODUCTION BY

SAM P. JONES.

'Tis not so much the gems we find,
As those we carry in the mind,
That make us truly great;
'Tis not so much the words we say,
As 'tis our actions, day by day,
That open Heaven's gate.



Alonzo Hilton Davis.

OMAHA, NEB.: THE REPUBLICAN CO., PRINTERS. 1888.



P/1233



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Sear Jather and Gody Example have

whose Famest Prayers and Weath to me,

Jeen a World of Weath Dellicated.





During the past few months I have chosen living topics for my evening sermons. Large congregations have been patient enough to listen. Our city papers have published notes of these talks. I have proof that these printed reports have been the means of the conversion of some precious souls. Friends have advised me to bind these sketches together in this little book. I do so, believing in the marvelous power of truth. May these pages, written in the hurry of a busy life, be blessed to many hearts.

C. W. S.



This volume of sermons, preached by my friend and brother, Rev. C. W. Savidge, in his own pulpit in the City of Omaha, goes to the public full of fire and life. As the titles of the different sermons suggest, they are racy and vigorous. Such a volume as this should have a ready sale, for the reading of them will surely give pleasure and profit.

The sermons are like the man—unique, good and forcible. I commend them heartily.

SAM P. JONES.

Cartersville, Ga., March 26th, 1888.



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Great Mistakes.

Y subject to-night is "Great Mistakes." The text, Acts, xxiv, 25: "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

I could not have named my subject "Great Blunders," for a blunder is a laughable mistake. But these mistakes I mention to-night are by no means laughable. They are as solemn as the Judgment day.

I qualify my subject proper by this word great. I do not mean little mistakes. Our lives are full of these. I have always liked that hymn:

"The mistakes of my life have been many,
And the sins of my heart have been more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door."

In this sermon I pass over the little mistakes, and speak only of those the more significant. These points I speak of affect us for two worlds—for time and eternity. Let me name some of these mistakes.

The first great mistake I see is this: Not having a business and attending to it. This life here, when you

face it, once, is no sham, but the greatest reality. And one of the first and greatest fights is the battle for bread. Men must eat bread three times a day. And there are only three ways of getting it—working, begging and stealing. God meant we should work for it. I find so many people in need. They want work and do not know where to get it. I always ask two questions: "Do you know how to do anything?" and, "are you willing to do it?" There is plenty of work. Farm hands, mechanics, laborers—all can get plenty to do; and the greatest field to-day is open for women. There is no lack of work now.

But men and women to-day in many cases do not know how to do anything; or, knowing, are ashamed to do the useful. I know young women in this city visiting friends—in other words, sponging their way—who ought to be at work; and many men peddling books and rugs who ought to be at work at something honorable and useful. If I had no business, I should start to learn one, to-morrow. Young man or woman get up and hustle around and get something useful to do. If you do not work, you are a mere wart on society.

The next great mistake men make is this: They do not take care of the physical health. A few years ago in my college days I heard Mr. Beecher speak. He spoke wise words of council to us. Among other things he said: "Young gentlemen, take care of your health. A good mind in a poor body is like a gun on a corn stalk carriage. It kicks over every time." I have never for-

gotten these words, and I have, for more than fifteen years, combined physical labor with mental work. I am well, and I want to keep so, if God wills.

Take care of your health. Keep early hours. Live on good plain food. Observe the great laws of your being. Do not commit suicide. I do not want to die till God wants me to. Many men take their own life in two ways. By hard work without proper rest. I saw a young lawyer lying in his grave, the other day, who lost his life in consequence of the combined strain of the labor of his profession, added to the pressure and hurry and labors of a political campaign. But the most of invalids are made such by dissipation. Every form of dissipation is entered into by our young men, to-day, and they are laid away in the grave with hands folded across the breast at twenty or thirty or forty years, when they ought to have given a half century of their best work to God and man. We must cry down the customs which destroy the health of our young men. The drink custom is the chief of these. We must do more to wipe out this curse. Lately I have read an account of Boadicia, the British queen, who went on the field of battle in her war chariot, with her fair hair streaming in the wind, and her outraged daughters lying at her feet. She drove among the troops as swift as the wind and cried to them for vengeance on their oppressors. So we must do to-day. God help us to be avenged on the greatest enemy the race ever had.

Another great mistake is this: The not having your

own home and taking care of it. Here lies the cause of much of our trouble. I got a letter the other day from a lady in the East. She told me that the sermon I preached to the bachelors had been printed in one of the papers in her city. And she said, "if you know of any of your bachelor friends who wants to take up his cross just give him my address" You men without homes ought to be ashamed of yourselves when you make it necessary for ladies to write to the pastor to stir you up. Make a home for yourself or you will make a great mistake. And home and woman can no more be dissociated from each other than can the nautilus from its shell. Home-making is the sacred calling for women, and men say whether she shall have this work to do or not. When you do not have a home you wrong yourself and some woman. Then, having a home, take care of it. Oh, how that wife will help you; how she will stand by your coffin and defend your character when you are dead. Don't it seem you ought to be right when she will gather up all the true and the good, and look at and think of these as long as she lives? But we see men die and leave the wife and children nothing—no property, no insurance. For a few dollars a year they could have carried a sum which would have helped the wife and children. But these men never thought of death long enough to arrange at all for it. Take care of your home and loved ones. God says: "He that provideth not for his own, and especially for his house, hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

But the supreme mistake is the one spoken of in the text. Putting off making our peace with God. In this text you will see that Paul, the great preacher, spoke to Felix, the governor, on the great subjects—Righteousness, Temperance, and Judgment to come; and the governor trembled and spoke this text: "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

Here is the mistake which thousands are making all around us to-day. Most men believe, but they are making this fatal mistake. They say, "when I have a convenient season." That never comes. Men drop down in a moment, and die as they live. When the king of Egypt was asked if he wanted the frogs removed, he said, "Yes; to-morrow." And men say this about their sins. Lately I have visited a man of excellent position, who has a fine mind. He is now upon a sick bed. He said, "I have sent for you that I may talk with you about the most important of all subjects—the salvation of my soul." He said, "I believe the whole Bible, yet I have not read it for years. I believe in churches, yet I have been seen there very seldom. I believe in Jesus, yet I have not professed Him." "Why?" said I. "Because I have been putting it off; but now," he said, "I give my heart to God and my hand to the church." Many seem to believe that all the time they need for this supreme work is a moment before they die. Then they will look up and say, "Forgive me!" but you need the longest life to prepare for heaven. If a man makes a greater mistake than the neglecting of his own soul, it is this—the hindering of others in their greatest work.

Mr. Beecher and Ingersoll met once. The conversation turned on religion. Ingersoll made one of his characteristic tirades against the Christian religion. The gentlemen present replied; Mr. Beecher was silent. He was urged to speak by those present. He said, "My mind was intent on what I saw down street this morning." He said, "I saw a poor cripple crossing a muddy street. When he had reached the centre of the mud and water, a great burly man ran out and kicked his crutches from under him and he fell." Robert Ingersoll replied, "That man was a brute." Mr. Beecher, rising to his feet and with a significant gesture, said, "Robert Ingersoll, you are that man. Poor humanity has the crutches of the gospel under it, and you kick the props away and men fall into the mire." Do not take away this faith from anybody.

Carelessness, and thoughtlessness and ignorance are the causes of procrastination.

There are remedies for those great mistakes. Do not sit down and snarl the threads of life and give up all for lost. There is enough of your daylight left to gain a splendid victory. You will do well to insure your life. You will do better to insure your soul in a company that can never break up. Make your peace with God. He wants to receive you.

A True Story.

Y usual custom is to preach a short sermon to the children. But this morning, instead of preaching to you, I will tell you a true story. And we will call this story the children's sermon for to-day. Now for our story:

A little boy, whom we will call James, was born in the city of New York, April 28, 1842. He first remembers his father as a kind and industrious man. Every Saturday night he brought home provisions, and something for James and his sisters, but soon the father began to drink. He abused James' mother and would provide nothing for the family. His mother took in washing to make a living. Sometimes the father would be taken to jail, and the mother would pay the fine out of money she had earned by washing. His father drove a hack, and James would sleep at the barn to open the stable door for his father who would often be out very late at night. If the door was not open as soon as the father thought it should be, he would whip James most unmercifully. Things went on in this way, growing worse and worse, till the family were compelled to move into a damp, dark basement on Broadway. The mother grewill from overwork. The father, turned into a beast by strong drink,

pawned the mother's dress and shoes, and even the bed clothes, for liquor. His mother would often read the bible to the children; and one day she put her arms about her son's neck and prayed, "May God take care of my boy;" and she made James promise that he would never drink strong drink. James was then only six years old, and to this day James says that for thirty-seven years he has kept that pledge. When he sees a man drinking he always thinks of the pledge he made his mother. He advises mothers now to pledge their boys against drink. His mother died soon after and was buried on the 25th of December, 1848. The father was not at home when the wife died, and when some of the friends sent for him he came to the funeral drunk.

James lived poorly enough after this. He would sleep in a butcher's cart, or a charcoal box, or in an alley. Often men would stumble over him in the dark, and sometimes they would almost kick the life out of his poor little body.

Now, since his mother is dead and his father is so cruel to him, James looks about to see how he can better his own condition. He engaged himself as a cabin boy on a vessel which sailed to South America. He was abroad two years. When he came back he went on a trip to Liverpool. When James returned from England he received the news from some of the stable men that his father had died of delirium tremens, and I suppose James did not shed many tears. How could he cry at the loss of such a father? Now James goes to selling matches and

papers. There was one incident while he was in this work which has greatly interested me. One Sunday morning, as he was going up Bleecker street with an armful of Sunday papers, a gentleman hailed him, and he went upon the stoop and sold him a paper. The gentleman handed him a half dollar in payment; James told him he would bring him the change in the morning. But at that time he had no thought of doing so. The next morning, as he was passing the same place, a voice in the boy's breast said: "Give the gentleman his change." He did so. The gentleman was surprised, and said: "Well, my boy, I never expected to see you or the change. And I would not have cared much, for you seem to need the money. But I am glad to see that you are honest."

The gentleman told him to bring him a paper every morning, and he also spoke to others concerning the honest newsboy. As a result of that one honest act James soon had fifty regular customers. He found that day that honesty paid, and it has paid him all through his life.

One day, when James and his chum, Dick, were sitting on the curb stone, a Shaker passed along the street. Dick called out, "Hello, Broadbrim, want to buy some matches?" The Shaker did not want to buy any matches, but he talked to the boys, and when he found they had no father nor mother, he asked them if they would not like to go into the country, to live, and have some good, warm clothes—for it was winter—and lots of apples, and

nuts. James said, "Let's go and try it awhile anyhow." But Dick said, "No; he will work us to death." To this James replied: "If we do not like it we can run away. They can't keep us if we don't like their style. You know two or three times we were sent to the house of refuge on Randall's Island, and we swam over the river and got away." Dick refused to go, but James decided to go then and there. He gave Dick what stock he had, and said "good bye," and was off. He has never seen Dick since, but he has often wondered how he has prospered. Nor has James ever been able to find his sisters, though he has often tried to find them. The two Shakers, who were in the city of New York that day, took out to their homes, four boys and two girls. James was one of the boys.

They reached their home about dark. They were soon invited in to supper. James says he did ample justice to the meal. After supper he took a bath and was given a clean, warm suit of Shaker clothes, and they put him in a clean, beautiful bed—a feather bed. He says he thought that night he was very near heaven. The next day he was shown around the place and was told to help himself to a barrel of apples and nuts which sat near at hand. Soon he was sent to school and was given some light work to do. Afterwards he was taught to do several kinds of work well. He learned how to drive a team, to work in wood, and to do many useful things.

These were the New Lebanon Shakers, in the state of New York, who showed kindness to James. How kind we should be to the poor and neglected about us. A good woman in Germany spoke a kind word to Martin Luther when he was a boy, and this changed his whole life. A lady in one of our cities saw a little barefoot boy slip down on the pavement on Sabbath morning. She took him by the hand and led him into the Sabbath school and was kind to him. And truly she helped one of the brightest minds, and truest hearts, and purest speakers our Methodism has developed—our own loved and now lamented Bishop Wiley.

In May, 1860, James left the Shakers; not because they did not treat him well, but because he did not believe in their religion. Soon after this he enlisted in the war for the union. He served three years in the war, seven months of which time he was in the rebel prison. Here he suffered much from hunger. He lost sixty-five pounds weight while in the prison, but in due time he was mustered out of the service and again took up the battle of life.

Our boy, James, came to Omaha in July, 1867. He worked down on the river, stacking lumber. He was married, by the Rev. Mr. McCandlish, to an excellent lady. He worked a farm out where the deaf and dumb institute now stands; he worked hard and saved a little every year. Now James takes another step up; he becomes a christian. Mrs. Van Cott was holding revival services in the First Methodist Episcopal church, on Seventeenth street. He thought it would be nice to hear a lady preach. He attended the services. He was deeply interested. He brought his wife and two little

children every night for six or seven weeks. He thought of many others who ought to become christians, but he did not feel his own need, till one night Mrs. Van Cott preached from the text, "What is that to thee, follow thou me." Then, when he felt he ought to be a christian, he thought God ought to save him there without his going to the altar. But God does not come to the terms of men. Then James made up his mind to seek God at the altar. He arose to go; he was converted that moment. His load of sin was gone. James was a christian.

As we close, let us take one more look at this boy, whose life we have given in outline.

Two weeks ago to-day he entertained me at his home in Springfield, Neb. He has a valuable farm worth \$10,000 of any man's money. His large barn is full of stock, well cared for. He has a pleasant home, a well selected library, in which are found the best temperance books. He is an officer in the Methodist church. He is liberal to help every good cause. He has four children—two boys and two girls. These children are obedient, quiet and industrious. Truly God has wonderfully blessed this poor boy. May his life long be spared to honor God, is my prayer.

Let us thank God for His great goodness to us, and let us not despair, by the help of God, of coming up even from the lowest place.

Mives and Mothers.

WILL address this sermon to Wives and Mothers, and will take as my text, Prov. xxxi, 28: "He rchildren rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." The text draws the likeness of the true wife and faithful mother. Her children call her blessed and her husband cannot help but speak her praise. We have in mind now such a wife and mother. She stood at the marriage altar with her young husband more than forty years ago. She was very young. The old ladies of the neighborhood said she ought to be playing with her dolls yet. But she took up the heavy duties of the wife and mother as though she had been born for the place, as indeed she was.

She and her husband started with nothing, so she was given an opportunity to be a real helpmeet to the man who walked by her side. One child after another came and was received as a gift from heaven. They moved to the far west and performed the labors incidental to a new country. The war came and the wife told her husband to go and fight for the flag, while she kept the children at home. When the morning and evening came she reads in the bible and she and the children pray. The

years go on, and the husband comes back. The sons and daughters struggle for an education and then go out to life's work, all this time having a mother's sympathy and help. Do you wonder now that the sons say, "I wish you knew my mother; she is splendid;" or is it a surprise to you that when the husband, now past sixty, comes in and does not see his wife he asks, "Where is mother?" No wonder, for she has been a help and an honor to him for more than forty years.

Again, I have seen a wife and mother who has been the possessor of about all the goodness there was in the home. The man, twenty years ago, promised to love, honor and cherish the wife until death came, but he has been false to his vows many a time. He has spent more evenings at the saloon than at home; so the wife has borne the brunt of the battle. Though her husband has been unworthy, she still loves the man she promised to, though it is impossible for her to love the thing he has become. This woman whom I am now describing, and whom some of you know, has such strength of character, and is so noble and true, that she makes the living and keeps the children respectable in spite of the father's effort to drag them down. God in heaven says: "The true wife, the faithful mother."

Again, I have seen another little woman come home from the wedding trip, and as I looked at her I said in my heart: "The groom has made a mistake; she does not amount to anything; she is a dressy little thing of no consequence." But after she had walked with her

husband a few years God took him away. The little woman kept the children together, brought them up to obey the laws and fear God, and lived a brave and noble life till the end. Nothing can compare with the silent work in obscure dwellings of faithful women bringing their children to honor, virtue and piety.

The picture I have drawn of the true wife and mother suggests its opposite. There are wives and mothers living near us, walking our streets and coming to our churches, who are false and untrue, and before I go on to develop this thought, I want to give you two reasons for the fact. If every woman had her ideal husband she would die before she would be untrue to him; but now, after years have passed, her husband seems so unlike what she thought he would be, consequently she becomes wretched. Or, I may say, she has not God in her heart or life. He is not in all her thoughts. Then naturally enough she becomes utterly dissatisfied with the company of her husband and children. She rides with a gentleman friend and is surprised when her husband finds it out. She seeks company which is not the best; she talks smut, she drinks wine, she does many things which send souls to hell. She keeps going on, for souls never stop. You see her go through the handkerchief flirtation on the street and on the trains. The shutters of her house are turned a certain way when her husband goes to his work. and the lamp is placed in the window at night as a signal that the coast is clear to raise the devil. And what is wonderful, age does not destroy the possibility of wrong doing. We have known mothers who have stood high in society and in the church, whose sons were grown, who would walk so near the precipice of hell that our heads grew dizzy, as we looked at them. Such wives and mothers live within a half mile of this church, or, perhaps they are your next-door neighbor; or, are you sure I am not drawing the likeness of some of you?

The text points out results. It gives us a glimpse of the blessings of the true wife and mother. How blessed are those of whom this text can be spoken! Happy wife and mother! Her husband is a king, and her children are the possessors of untold wealth. They go out into the world with good principle, and with precious memories of home and mother.

John Ruskin had such a mother, for he says, "The most precious, and on the whole the most essential part of all my education was given me by my mother."

Thomas H. Benton said, "When I was seven years of age, my mother asked me to take a triple pledge against tobacco, gambling and strong drink." We are told upon good authority that he never broke that pledge.

The mother of Philip Doddridge, when her son was quite a little boy, used to teach him scripture history from the Dutch tiles of the fire-place on which were pictures of subjects taken from the Bible. He never forgot those early instructions, and probably to them, under God, his future character and usefulness may be traced.

Dr. Johnson said he distinctly remembered the time

and place where his mother first taught him of heaven, where good people go, and of hell, where bad people go.

Out of one hundred and twenty candidates for the ministry, it was found that more than one hundred attributed their religious experience to the example and prayers of their mothers. The result is happiness to the mother, prosperity to the husband, and untold good to the children.

The results which come to the false wife and mother can never fully be told. The wife cannot be happy. She sees her wrong doing in the look of every honest soul. She makes a mighty effort to be jolly, but she weeps and resolves in secret. The husband and father is wretched. When he loses faith in his wife, he loses faith in everyone. Wealth and friends are nothing, if the woman he trusted is not good. The awful results are seen in the children. Byron's mother was not good. She called that handsome, talented, club-footed boy "the lame brat." What sorrow and shame must fill the heart of a child when it comes to know that "mother is bad."

I would, in closing, give some words of counsel. To the good I would only say, be good. "The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more until the perfect day." May your life grow better, till with your loved ones you stand in the presence of the king.

To the husbands of bad women, I would recommend you to adopt the plan of Lorenzo Dow, when he raised

the devil. Dow stopped at a certain house all night. He was put in a loft above the main room to sleep. The husband was away. A neighbor came in and spent the evening with the lady of the house. Soon the husband, somewhat intoxicated, was heard at the door. The wife secreted the neighbor in an empty barrel and hastily threw some wool over his head. The husband was noisy. The wife told him to keep still, as Lorenzo Dow was in the house. Then, said the drunken man, "He must get up and raise the devil." Dow was called up. The preacher said, if he must, he must. He told the husband to stand at the door and hit the old fellow a good lick as he passed. Dow went to the barrel and told the devil to come forth, and out he ran with some of the wool sticking to his head, but he did not escape the good lick from the club the husband held in his hand. When a man is in the wrong place, if he is hit with a club or followed with a shotgun, he ought not to be surprised.

To the false wife and mother I would say, look to see the results of your course. Not only will your own life be blighted and your own soul destroyed, but those who look to you for an example will be dragged down to hell. Throw the devil aside and take God. Be true to God and earthly love. Make your husband happy and teach your children to love him and God, and through all eternity you will be glad.

The Great Kereafter.

Y subject this morning is "Immortality," and we take as our text I Corinthians, xv, 53: "This mortal must put on immortality."

This doctrine of immortality lies at the basis of faith and holy living. You can readily see that if men did not believe in any hereafter, it would be perfectly reasonable for them to say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

What a mighty police force this doctrine of immortality is. All men have some opinion concerning this truth. A few deny a future state. If things were what they seem, they would be right, for no voice comes back. Life seems to go out in silence and darkness, and gives back no sign to tell us what it has found. This opinion is often born of fear. And this very fear postulates a hereafter.

Others say, "We do not know." They are called agnostics or know-nothings. Gambetta, the French statesman, says: "It is a great toss-up what lies on the other side of the grave." Many millions accept it. The more a soul is true to itself and God, the more it shrinks from extinction, as an infinite loss. Let us give some

reasons for believing this doctrine of immortality. Many Christians cannot tell why they believe they shall live hereafter.

First, we say it is possible. As Bishop Butler shows in his "Analogy," "That I shall live, is really not so wonderful as that I do live." He speaks of that beginning and marvelous development of being, before birth, and asks, "Who now can doubt the possibility of immortality?" Not only is immortality possible, but we affirm that it is probable. I would ask you, for what purpose is this life, if death ends all? Can you think for a moment that the boat in which we ride is sailing on a shoreless sea and for no port. Life is a mystery, dark as night, if this be all.

Immortality is a dictate of nature. We see decay in all her works. The dissolution of all the forms of vegetable and animal life. But the plant and tree are not annihilated. There is no destruction—only change in the material world. The tree is only resolved into primitive elements, and if these elements or particles are left to themselves, they come up in more beautiful combinations. In nature, death is not an end, but a beginning. Longfellow was right when he said:

"There is no death;
What seems so is transition."

A century ago a dying infidel, German countess, ordered that her grave be covered with a solid granite slab; that around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole be fastened together by strong iron clamps, and that on the stone be cut these words: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." But a little seed sprouted under the covering, and the tiny shoot found its way through between two of the stones, and grew there slowly and surely, until it burst the clamps asunder, and, lifting the immense block, the structure ere long became a confused mass of rock, among which in verdure and beauty grew the great oak which had caused the destruction. Thus truth dislodges error and spreads her branches in splendor above the ruins of the false.

The instinct of immortality is a heritage of all mankind, and the leading minds of the leading races have given expression to this heart instinct. Bulwer Lytton says: "Man has instinct that leads him from the seen to the unseen, from time to eternity." And this means something when we remember that no instinct is ever given in vain. The humblest man in this belief has the prerogative of royalty. The Egyptians, as far back as history reaches, embalmed the body of the dead to preserve it till the soul's return. Look away back in the history of the Greek state, and Plato and his renowned teacher are trying to push the curtain of the future aside. Look up the "Dialogues of Plato." When one of the Greeks died, a piece of money was put in his mouth to pay his passage across the river of death. In a recently discovered cemetery of Ancient Athens, dated ack 400 B. C., there was a picture of the boatman about to take the souls over.

Plutarch says: "The soul came from the gods and will return to them again." Our North American Indians believe in the happy hunting grounds. Not long before his death, Senator Hill, of Georgia, said: "If a grain of corn will die and rise again into so much beauty, why may not I die and rise again into infinite beauty and life?"

Mr. Ingersoll has most wonderfully expressed this thought: "All wish for happiness beyond this life. All hope to meet again the loved and lost. In every heart there grows this sacred flower of eternal hope. Immortality is a word that hope, through all the ages, has been whispering back to love."

Victor Hugo's words are most beautiful and worthy to be remembered always:

"I feel within myself the future life. I am like a forest that has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous—yet simple. It is a fairy tale—yet history. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

The very make-up of man is a prophecy of the future. The existence of mind, for example. Mind is immortality; thought is immortal. Whatever is pure and noble and holy in the realm of thought will never die. Do you believe the thinker will?

Toward the close of his life, Kant's giant intellect became clouded; but can you believe it went out forever? Mind is capable of indefinite expansion. Mind goes on almost without limit, producing new and yet more beautiful forms of good. Do you believe that Morse and Newton and Franklin and Lincoln are dead?

Man's conscience is another prophecy in his make-up. If this life is all, there is no place for such a faculty as conscience in one hand and her peace like a river in the other. But man is a spirit. He has a soul and this postulates a hereafter. I now mention a proof, questioned by some, but to me, of value. Some are permitted to look over and see the next world. A sister of one of our prominent citizens dying, exclaimed, "Oh, mother," as if she saw the glory world. An aged minister when dying in this city lifted up his hand as a sign, previously agreed to, that he saw the heavenly city. And my own brother, Samuel Savidge, of Kearney, in the hour of death, said, "I am not afraid to go; there is a light, and I see Bessie."

God has said that we shall live hereafter: "This mortal must put on immortality." "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with

hands eternal in the heavens." And our Lord plainly says: "I go to prepare a place for you."

In conclusion, we would say eternal existence is no proof of eternal blessedness. Man may be eternally miserable. "Some to shame and everlasting contempt," says the Divine word. But we may be happy. Immortal happiness is the full, bright, exercise of our best powers. To such as waste the present, the future will not—nay, cannot bring happiness. There is no harmony between such an one and the world of purity. "A human being who has lived without God and self-improvement, can no more enjoy heaven than a mouldering body lifted from the tomb amid beautiful prospects, can enjoy the light through its decayed eyes, or feel the balmy air that blows away its dust."

What shall be your lot—misery or happiness? It is for you to say.



Closed Doors.

Y text is taken from Nehemiah, xiii, 19: "I commanded that the gates should be shut, and charged that they should not be opened till after the Sabbath."

The subject given at greater length is: "A plea for the Saloon Doors to be Closed on the Sabbath."

I preach this sermon at the request of a mother in this city.

Whenever a mother gives me a subject I know there is something in it.

In the text we read of Nehemiah, who was the mayor of the city of Jerusalem.

The walls of Jerusalem had been newly built and the gates rehung. The mayor issued two celebrated orders with reference to the closing of the gates. The first one is found in Nehemiah, vii, 3: "Let them shut the doors and bar them."

The point of the order is this: There were many enemies who were ready to make an assault on the city under the cover of night, and the mayor ordered every man to stand guard over the part of the wall that was over against his own house. He ordered that the gates should be locked and barred and not opened until the hot sun shone down.

Order No. 2, we find in the text. When Mayor Nehemiah took charge of the city the people did not reverence the Sabbath. All kinds of wares were brought in and sold on this holy day. Nehemiah said that sort of thing must be stopped; if you don't stop Sabbath breaking, said Nehemiah, God himself will be our enemy.

"By this very course," said the mayor, "we have brought upon ourselves all the trouble we ever had," and he follows these words up by issuing this celebrated order which is our text to-night. Listen to the brave words: "I commanded that the gates should be shut and charged that they should not be opened till after the Sabbath."

One of these orders had reference to earthly enemies, the other guarded against displeasing God. These closed doors did much for the city of Jerusalem.

But we have a stronger case than Nehemiah had—for drink on any day of the week will kill more than the sword. It not only kills the body, but the soul, as well.

The doors of the saloons are open on the Sabbath. This statement needs no proof. Walk our streets on the Sabbath, day or night. In many cases you will see the front doors of these houses of death open—wide open. And if by some chance the front door is closed, the back door is ajar, and "don't you forget it!"

There is no trouble about getting into an Omaha saloon on the Sabbath, if you have a desire to do so.

Look at the case as it is. A few people in the churches engaged in the worship of God—praying for the spread of Christ's kingdom—these same church people doing little and afraid their soul is their own.

On the other hand, two hundred saloons with open doors, licensed to damn men, body and soul; making men insane with whisky; inciting them to deeds of violence and bloodshed. To a man up a tree, it would appear that the Christian people ought to speak out and do something. With this state of things how long do you think it will be before Omaha will be converted? My judgment is, it will take sometime before this town is sanctified. John G. Saxe's lines have more truth than poetry in them:

"Where whisky shops, the livelong night,
Are vending out their poisoned juice;
Where men are often very tight,
And women deemed a trifle loose."

Now for our argument against the open Sunday saloon. It is in direct opposition to the laws of our state. The Slocum law provides, among other things as follows:

Section 8—Prohibits sale to anyone under twenty-one years of age.

Section 10—Prohibits sale to all habitual drunkards. Section 14—Prohibits sale on election days and Sundays, and provides for a fine of \$100.

Section 29—Provides that all saloon-keepers who have license shall keep the windows and doors of their

places unobstructed by screens, blinds or paint, or other articles, and that any person offending against the provisions of this section, upon conviction, shall be fined not less than twenty-five dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail not less than ten days, or both, and shall have his license revoked by the authority that granted it.

You can see at a glance that the open Sunday saloon breaks this law in every particular.

The open saloon on the Sabbath is the bane of our young men. Here they resort. This is their day of leisure, and they spend it in the saloon. Sixty men came out of a Saunders street saloon in thirty minutes on a Sabbath lately, their ages ranging from fifteen to thirty. A mother says: "My boys go to the saloon on Sabbath and spend much of their time. They get into bad company and often do bad things."

If it were only the old men who are affected by this evil the result would not be so awful; but the young men, who are the hope of the city, are thus corrupted and ruined.

The Sunday saloon is the worst enemy that the workingman has. Low wages and powerful corporations are not the worst enemies of the workingman. Your greatest enemy is the open Sunday saloon.

The Sunday dissipation robs you of health and strength. After a Sunday carousal, instead of being rested for work Monday, you are completely exhausted, and often it is Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning ore you are found at your post of duty. By this

means, too, your money is taken from you. The very men drink who cannot afford it.

If some one should mark the bills, with red ink, that are paid you Saturday night, many of these would be found in the till of the saloon-keeper Monday morning. And this is money that is earned by hard licks. This seems to me the hardest thing: to see the workingman throw away his money—yes, worse than throw it away.

The Sunday saloon is the cause of many of you being thrown into jails. Fifteen men on an average come before our police judge every morning; but Monday morning there are seventy to be disposed of.

It is a standing wonder to me that our people do not raise their voices against the outrages committed upon the workman. If there is a class of men who suffer more, it is the soldiers at our forts with their barracks surrounded by saloons. Let us pray that the common people, and Uncle Sam, himself, may have a baptism of common sense. God hasten the day!

The Sunday saloon is the foe of the home. Anything that menaces the peace or prosperity of the "home" is the avowed enemy of the people. Some one has said: "A nation is only the union of many homes whose people speak one language and who have many interests in common." The chief executive may be corrupt, and both houses of congress tainted with evil, but if the homes of the people are pure and good, all is well. But if the base of the pyramid is unsound, the whole structure will be a mass of ruins. Well, do you not know that from the open Sunday saloon pitchers and pails of beer and whisky

are carried into the homes of our people. This is as true as God's truth. We must beware lest the homes become corrupted.

Again: the Sunday saloon brings the greatest sorrow to wives and mothers. Some of the wives get up in the morning determined to make the most of the sacred day. But the husband goes to the saloon; how then can the wife be happy; how can she go to church when her heart is breaking with sorrow and dread? My God! is it true that these poor women can not have one day of safety from the rum fiend?

A few centuries ago men fought with lance and spear in the lists for women. What an opportunity for brave and true men now to champion the cause of brokenhearted women.

Oh, for a revival of the ancient days of chivalry!

But the open saloon on the Sabbath is a flagrant sin against God. By permitting these places to be open on Sabbath we are party to two of the worst sins in the decalogue—Sabbath breaking and murder.

The blood of more than one murdered man is already on our hands, because of the Sunday saloon. And be sure we shall pay the price. God does not exact pay by the day, or month, but He demands it in full, at last.

> "The mills of the gods grind slowly, But they grind exceeding fine."

You ask the question, How can these doors be closed? This is no light task, for two reasons; our people like the stuff.

They sing the song of the "Little Brown Jug" in apparent jest, but I affirm that they sing it in real earnest. Then there is money to some men in the open Sunday saloon, and Americans will do anything for money. These states roll on the wheels of silver dollars.

Mark this: The mayor of Jerusalem issued orders which closed the doors of that city. And the council and the police commission never whimpered, either.

Pray for the mayor of this city that he may have a will like iron and a backbone like a whale.

Then the people helped the mayor. The people stood guard over that part of the wall which was opposite their own houses. They did not oppose but helped. How can one man do all this work?

What a picture! All the lazy loafers and cowards in this town in a wagon and the mayor in the shafts, pulling them, and one and another saying: "Touch him up boys." Let some of us get out and help push, and quit growling. But the great majority of the people on this question are cowards. They are afraid of their own heads. They say, "the cat ought to have a bell on, but who is going to do it?" They are afraid. When they tell you a fact about this accursed business, they say, "don't use my name."

The people are a set of cowards. "One is afraid, and the other dares not."

The people are the sovereigns of the state. If they want the present condition of affairs, they can have it. When they want reform, they can bring it about.

A Blow to the Bachelors.

TAKE my text to-night from Judges, xiv, 3—"Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well." I believe in texts that fit.

My subject this evening is "Marriage," and I will address this sermon to bachelors. I have come to the conclusion that something must be done with this class of sinners. I would hardly advocate the policy that the government has adopted with respect to the bachelor seals, however. The government suffers the killing of only one hundred thousand of these animals annually, and this number is taken from the unmated bachelors. But, jokes aside, I have come from your ranks so lately that I think I know what you need. You need light—you need information. Tremblingly you stand on the border of an unexplored land and you want some traveler to return and tell you the facts. My heart beats in sympathy with you. I would reach out my hand and help you over into the land of Beulah.

To-day, if men have anything to say on a subject of importance, they write a book, or make a speech, or deliver a sermon. I shall do the last named, and you may call it what you please.

God has given many a sermon on this topic. In the first chapter He wrote He talks of the right relations of man and woman. Some of the most touchingly beautiful stories in the Divine Word are on this very subject of marriage. Go home and take down your grandmother's Bible, and read again God's account of the marriage of Isaac and Rebekah and Boaz and Ruth. In the last book of the Bible Christ calls the church His bride.

Great governments have found it necessary to speak out on this subject. The Roman republic and our own land are noted examples. This country realizes that the great perils that threaten us are those which aim their deadly shafts at the marriage altar and the home circle.

Do any of you know of a thing more important to all of our highest interests than right doing in the home? When Robert Burns pictured the pious homes of Scotland did he paint the picture any too brightly? He says:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs."

If all our young men would make good homes for themselves and then be true to those homes, no harm could come to us.

But men all around us of proper age are hesitating to enter the marriage relation. Hotels, boarding houses and private residences, full of unmarried men, and young women going to store, office and factory, meeting the stern battle of life alone. These men try to justify themselves in a life of celibacy.

One says, "I could not get a wife who has the qualifications I demand or the presence I admire." I am sure you can find some one as intelligent and as good looking as you, for some of you are not overly smart and you are homely enough to turn milk sour.

Another says, "Women of the present day are so extravagant I could not support one." You ought to read what Washington Irving says about the wife of his friend Leslie, coming to the rescue in the hour of financial ruin. One of the teachers of our schools said lately, when asked if she was about to be married, "No, thank you, my salary won't admit of it." I tell you what is a fact. These women are fearful that if they marry they will have to keep you.

Then, too, one says, "It is so dangerous. So many have trouble." That is a fact. When George Whitfield's wife died he said he felt greatly relieved, and John Wesley's wife tortured him until he left her. I am told that, a few months ago, one of my bachelor friends in this city entered the relation, and his wife made it so hot for him that he now finds an asylum at the hotel. I simply say, "The exceptions make the rule." These things will happen; there is a possibility of trouble on every road that runs through this world, and as likely as not, the more fear you show, the werse you will get it at last.

Many men say, "I have lost faith in woman." This comes with a poor grace from man when he has tried

every power to make woman bad—then looking down at his own work, he says "I have lost confidence." Away with this foolishness! Let man treat woman right and she will be right. Let him drag her down and she becomes a fiend incarnate.

Another reason way men don't marry is, they want to start where the old people leave off. A father said to a young man, not long ago, "You can't keep my daughter as she is accustomed to live." "Oh, we have arranged that," said the young admirer, "I am to come and live with you and when you and the old lady die we will start where you leave off." Men are now looking for just such snaps as that. Men erroneously believe that their freedom will be curtailed. You are greatly mistaken. You are by no means as free now as you will be when you have a home of your own.

But I tell you, the great reason is, you do not know what you are missing—neither can any one tell you.

I notice in the second place, the reasons for marriage. It is a manly thing. That girl is meeting life alone. You can help her and make her happy as a queen, if you try. The old bachelor will get very mad over it, but he is extremely selfish and mean.

The marriage relation is better for you in every way. The married man lives longer and does better work while he stays here. The wife is a great help. A great man says, "It is impossible for me to be a good man, without a good woman to help me."

In your very heart you long for love and home-and

God himself put that longing there. Elizabeth Stuart Phelphs says, "The most loving filial position cannot satisfy the mature man or woman in any world;" and I believe it.

Good men advocate the marriage relation. Dr. Adam Clark says, "Marriage is the first sacrament, the oldest means of grace. A man ought to be thankful for a bad wife—she is so much better than none."

After twenty-eight years of experience, Faraday said, "My marriage was an event which, more than any other, has contributed to my earthly happiness, and healthy state of mind." For forty-six years the union continued unbroken, the love of the old man remaining as fresh, earnest and whole-hearted as in the days of his youth.

James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, had a similarly happy experience. He says, "Forty-two years of married life finds us the same devoted 'cronies' as we were at the beginning."

Dr. Arnold often dwelt upon "The rare—the unbroken, the almost awful happiness of his domestic life;" and he carried the first feelings of enthusiastic love and watchful care through twenty-two years of wedded life. Charles Kingsley wrote to his wife: "People who talk of love ending at the altar are fools." No biography of Bishop Gilbert Haven would be complete without a touching account of his unchanging and undying love for "His Mary."

Old Hickory was often thought to be rough, but he

never forgot his wife. The last thing the iron man did at night was to read in her book of Common Prayer with her miniature before him, and during the day he wore her picture over his heart, suspended from his neck by a strong black cord. After she had been dead fifteen years, pointing to her tomb, he said: "Her wish to me is law."

Josh Billings thought well of the relation when he said: "Marry young, and if you make a hit keep still and don't brag about it."

But the great clinching argument is: "Marriage is ordained of God." It is the divine arrangement. "A man shall leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife"—and mark this, you can't improve on God's plan. If you don't marry some day you will die alone, and the servants will steal the very pennies off your eyes, and those who do not especially love you, will follow you to the grave and drive home on a run to quarrel over what you have left.

I will speak briefly on the motives which should govern you in the choice. Do not use Samson's motive. He was pleased with the appearance of his girl and married her, but he regretted the step. Not fancy, but sound judgment should be your guide. Happy marriages are founded upon respect and mutual fitness. They are undertaken with more clear thought and preparation than moonshine and gum-drops.

Ben Franklin said: "Other things being equal, the eldest daughter of a large family is the best."

Ask God to help you choose, then use the best sense you have and go ahead.

The text also points out the manner of bringing this event about. Samson's father helped him, but from the result, I advise you to attend to the arrangements yourself.

You ought, first, to get ready. Get a dollar ahead if you can—you'll need it. But if you have not made a fortune and don't expect to, marry any way. The other day a man was married, bought tickets to a railroad town ten miles distant and had ten cents left. Said he to his new wife, "Sal, let's have some soda water." When such people as that start out, don't wait, if you haven't made a fortune. Do the square thing with everybody when you are getting married. Don't ask the preacher what the bill is; that always throws a coldness over the meeting. Have a good size bill folded and enclosed in an envelope and hand it to the minister with your thanks, and don't give him less than five dollars or he will forget you. If he is an old man, and nearing the end of his ministerial career, give him all the larger sum.

In closing, I would say, make your married life all it ought to be. The good or ill fortune of your marriage does not depend upon the day, but upon the conduct of the contracting parties.

Be a man, hustle around and make a good living. A wife and six children can't live on love and air.

Do right—don't ask your wife to live either with a

bear or a hog. If she drank and lay out of doors all night you would not live with her an hour, and people would applaud you for it, too.

Do not ask your wife to leave you because you are still making a brute of yourself.

You never know what intemperance is till it gets into your home in good shape.

God grant your wife may never know!

Love your wife and tell her so, and she will work her fingers off for you, if need be, and be an honor to you.



The Bureau of Charities.

Y subject this morning is "How to help the Poor." You will find my text in Mark, xiv, 7: "For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." The question of how to help the poor is opportune at this time. The cold blasts of winter are already whistling around the hovels of the poor, and the doors of those who are living in comfort are beseiged by men, women and children asking alms. Again, I have another reason for bringing this subject before you to-day. It is being thought upon and talked of at the present time by very many in this city. Lawyers and business men, and large-hearted, philanthropic women, are being consulted on this subject we have taken this morning. This is a very proper place to bring this To help to solve this problem has been a part of the work of Jesus. Not only is the guilty soul to be led to the Redeemer, but it is our mission to do good to all, as far as we can. As Methodists we ought to live up to the rule of our church which says, "It is expected of all who continue in these societies that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation by doing good; by being in every kind merciful after their power; as they

have opportunity, doing good of every possible sort, and, as far as possible, to all men; to their bodies of the ability which God giveth, by giving food to the hungry, by clothing the naked, by visiting or helping them that are sick or in prison; to their souls, by instructing, reproving, or exhorting all we have any intercourse with; trampling under foot that enthusiastic doctrine, that 'we are not to do good unless our hearts be free to it'."

Jesus started this movement for the poor a good while ago, and His true disciples are walking in his footsteps. St. James says: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." And in John, 3, 17: "But who so hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him."

Christ appears personified in the poor and the sick: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

St. Jane, of Chantal, the daughter of a princely house in France, was wont to give the poor the reverence due to sovereigns, for she beheld in them, she declared, the King of Kings. May we never permit the divorce of charity from christian faith. We shall be more holy and more happy if we do more for the poor and suffering about us. O'Zanam, the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul society, said with his dying breath: "We have grown to two thousand visitors in Paris alone, and we

visit there five thousand families." We, too, shall be happy, both living and dying, if we go about doing good. We then, of all others, do well to entertain this question to-day.

But you ask, "How shall we help?" If I attempt to aid the poor as many do, I shall be a damage, an absolute injury to them rather than a blessing. Formerly, when the knight rode out from his castle, he scattered money as he went, and the people bowed and worshipped the hand that shed down the golden rain. But when the giver of the gold had passed, they crept back to their wretched huts and lived little better than the beasts of the field. This was a very poor way to give charity, but do we do any better? For a few years past the people of this city have danced for the support of the poor. A grand charity ball has been given and thousands of dollars have been gotten from this source. Now, mark this: When the dance was over and the money was placed in the hands of worthy persons for distribution, the poor—doubtless many of them unworthy of charity crowded in, demanding the money as their right, and policemen were necessary to restrain them from violence.

In many of our cities soup kitchens are started, and free lodging houses are opened both by public and private means. But the majority of those who have been engaged in these lines of effort have become very much discouraged. Take an example from the city of New York when the soup kitchens and free lodgings were in full blast. The streets were thronged with the ragged,

needy crowd. They filled all the station houses and lodging places provided by private charity, and overflowed into the Island almshouse. Street begging became a custom. Ladies were robbed, even, on their own doorsteps by these mendicants. Thieving and drunkenness increased; nor would these paupers work. On one occasion the almshouse authorities were discharging a band of able-bodied paupers, and having need of some light out-door labor on the Island, they offered these men what is thought good country wages—fifteen dollars a month and board. They unanimously refused, preferring the free lodging and lunch of the city. Workingmen came from such distances as Boston and Pittsburg, partly, no doubt, to "see the sights of New York," but hoping, also, for aid from public and private charities. We are told that, in some cases, young men were arrested in criminal houses who made their headquarters in these soup kitchens, and then sallied out to enjoy the criminal indulgences of the city. Poor families abandoned steady industry, got their meals at the kitchens, and spent the day in going from one charitable organization to another. Thus we might go on, but we need not take your time. The ablest philanthropists in our country believe that the woodpile ought to be next to the soup kitchen, and, better still, the relief houses should be under the care of the police. If we would do the poor good, we must be careful how we help them.

I believe we can help the poor through intelligent, organized effort. A movement is now on foot in this city

which I think will greatly aid us in solving this troublesome problem. This organization is called "The Omaha Bureau of Charities." It is not the formation of a new society for the dispensing of charity—on the other hand. it would aid those already organized—and is really a Board of Record, where the names of all who are helped can be found, and where facts relating to each needy case may by obtained. This Bureau of Charities will have a president, probably two vice presidents, a secretary and a treasurer; also a paid agent, whose business will be to personally investigate the needy cases. Friendly visitors, who are willing, will have opportunity to aid in this work. The board of directors will probably consist of twentyone well-known business and professional men, who will meet monthly and may be consulted oftener. The different churches and charity organizations will be represented in the Bureau, and through the workings of the Bureau we can all be saved from imposition and fraud.

The design of this organization is to weed out the unworthy and help the deserving. By working in this line we shall save thousands of dollars which are now worse then wasted. You are doubtless familiar with many charitable bodies in our city which will be aided by the movement I have spoken of. You are not only familiar, I say, with these organizations, but they commend themselves to you and you are aiding them.

Thirteen years ago the City Mission was organized and it is still doing its work on Tenth street. It teaches poor women and girls to sew and gives them the garments they make. These poor children are taught on the Sabbath of Jesus and heaven. In this same place the bootblacks are given a good breakfast every Sabbath morning.

We are all familiar with the noble work done by the Women's Christian Association, at 2718 Burt street. Their object is to provide temporary assistance to destitute women and children until permanent homes and means of support can be given them. They have bought the house and lot they occupy and have paid \$1,500 on the same. This society is worthy of our money and prayers.

Then I have been greatly pleased to hear of the work of the ladies of Unity club. These ladies, I suppose, do not believe that Jesus is divine, but if we Methodists, are not diligent the Unitarians will outstrip us in the labor of love. This body has opened a day nursery for children, where poor mothers can have their children cared for, for a small sum while they are away at work. I understand that the city has given this club a house and lot for this humane purpose.

A Young Woman's home, under the auspices of the Women's Christian Association, has been opened at 1910 Dodge street. They pay \$150 per month for the building. This line of work first began in New York and Boston in 1866. The object is to labor for the good of working women in every way, to find new avenues of employment, and to shield them by judicious means from imposition and wrong. Prices of board are regulated according to accommodations. All the privileges of a home will be furnished at a very low price. More or less will

be constantly done in the way of intellectual improvement. Religious privileges will also be enjoyed. In our cities these homes have been a blessing to thousands.

Let us make up our minds to put forth sensible, organized effort, and when we go to visit the poor, even on our own account, let us go to find out the causes of their distress. These causes, in the main, are idleness, intemperance and sickness; and while temporary help must be given, these causes should be removed, if possible, and we should instill into them ideas of self-respect and give to them principles of temperance, health and thrift. There is no need of beggary in our American cities. Labor is wanted everywhere—especially educated labor. "Stagnation is the last station this side of damnation."

Let us give our influence and help in the line of the education of the poor. Tuckerman says, "Every child who is a beggar, almost without exception, will become a vagrant and probably a thief." Let the hand and mind be taught and we shall lift them up.

I now speak briefly of the greatest cure. These poor people in our city need the faith and religion of Jesus. God will hold us responsible, I believe, for neglecting the poor of our own city even more than those on the other side of the globe. While we act as the agents of these efficient organizations in our midst, let us supply the wants of the deserving poor and at the same time tell them of Him who, "though He was rich, yet for their sakes became poor that they, through His poverty, might be rich."

Base Ball on the Sabbath.

EXODUS, xx, 8: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Psalms xi, 3: "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

My subject this morning is "Sunday Base Ball." See, first, by the text, the divine authority for the Sabbath. This is not a day set apart by man, but ordered by God. The ten commandments are the ten foundation stones of our holy religion, and the Sabbath is one of these great foundation stones. In the very morning of creation God blessed and sanctified the Sabbath day, and when He gave the laws to the race He gave this fourth commandment, and with His own finger He wrote it on the tables of stone. That divine law has never been repealed. This day commemorates the grandest acts in the drama of the world. It celebrates the completed work of creation—the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt, the resurrection of the Lord Jesus and the Pentecostal baptism.

Man, has a threefold need of this day. He needs it for worship, for rest, and for serious thought. Whatever be our faith, we need to ask, "What am I? Where am

I? Whence came I? Why am I here? What have I to do? How am I doing it? and whither am I going?"

The free thinker, the infidel, the atheist, needs a Sabbath for the contemplation of a universe without a God, and for the answering of questions which meet him at every step.

But God says in this text, "to keep it holy," and He repeats this commandment many times in His Word. The best and holiest men of state and the church have always stood for the defense of this day.

Look at the picture of Nehemiah, as seen in his thirteenth chapter, and hear his words: "And it came to pass, that when the gates of Jerusalem began to be dark before the Sabbath, I commanded that the gates should be shut, and charged that they should not be opened till after the Sabbath: and some of my servants set I at the gates, that there should no burden be brought in on the Sabbath day. So the merchants and sellers of all kinds of ware lodged without Jerusalem once or twice. Then I testified against them, and said unto them, Why lodge ye about the wall? If ye do so again I, will lay hands on you. From that day forth came they no more on the Sabbath."

Wilberforce says: "I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable." Dr. Merle D'Aubigne says: "Amidst the activity which pervades all things, what would become of men if they had not a day of rest, in which to look forward to things eternal?" Matthew Hale, the great jurist, says: "As the Sabbath goes with me, so goes all the week."

We see, then, that the Sabbath is of divine origin, and should be sacredly kept.

Secondly—The text asks the question—" If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

Now, we believe that the playing of base ball is a gross violation of the day. Lately I have been looking up the history of base ball, and have informed myself as to some facts relating to it, and I would say at the very outstart that I am not opposed to base ball on secular days; on the contrary, I believe it to be a healthful and manly sport. I do not know what Sam Jones meant when he said, "If I had a yellow dog, and he should go out to see a game of base ball, I would kill him when he came home." I do not see anything wrong in the game if played honestly and at proper times.

We must quit preaching the gospel of "Don't" or give our reasons. Base ball is the national game of America. Prior to the organization of the base ball players' club, in 1857, there was no general code of rules; but now the game has become a science as well as an art.

There are five great leagues: The National league, the American association, the Northwestern league, the Southern league and the Western league.

The National league plays in eight of our principal cities, including New York, Boston and Chicago. This is the metropolitan league of the world.

The American association stands next. At the close of the season, which is some time in October, the National league and American association play for the championship of the world.

These leagues pay good salaries and have drawn men from almost all the professions and walks of life. The league players get from \$1,800 to \$3,600 for the six months' season. The pitchers and catchers get the best salaries.

The following are some of the noted players of the country: Mike Kelly, who cost the Bostons \$14,000 this year; Captain Anson, Clarkson, O'Rourke, Carruthers, Bushong, and many others of national reputation might be named.

These men have left business, the practice of law and medicine, for this game. And for their services they receive more money than they can make in any other way.

A few years ago, in one of our universities, the best scholar went to preaching for \$300 and the poorest went to playing ball for \$3,000—that was muscle against brain.

The most prominent men of the country go to see the games. Judges and legislators deem it a profitable pleasure and recreation.

The National league often draws 14,000 people. At Baltimore, the other day, the American association played before 20,000 people and put in their purse more than \$10,000.

On Decoration day in this country 300,000 spectators witnessed this game.

When you look at "success," the base ball has far surpassed the old theaters, even in their palmiest days. I am pleased to hear that a man, to be a good player,

must be a good man. He must not reduce his strength by vice of any kind, and he must sleep regularly. He must not be a gambler or a drunkard. So far I have no fault to find. From what I know of it, thus far, I commend the sport. But in this city and Denver the game is played on the Sabbath, and to this I am opposed.

The lovers of the game in these cities attempt to justify it. They say, "why specify Sunday base ball and let a score of other Sabbath desecrations go by unnoticed?" The consistent defender of the Sabbath will not let other desecrations pass unreproved. Again, they say, "young men must have some place to go, and if they cannot see a game of ball they will go to the beer gardens." But do you really mean to say that? You have said that the people who go to see the Sunday games, are the very best of our people, but now you say they are the low-down crowd who frequent the Sunday beer garden.

If we must have the Sunday base ball to keep men out of a worse place, to what a pass have we come.

But here is the reason for the Sunday base ball, as given by those who advocate it: The Omaha club is in debt; they get the largest crowd and make the most money on that day; therefore, they play on the Sabbath. They play for the very reason that some church members do business on the Sabbath—the "almighty dollar" is back of it all.

The Omaha association gives every club which plays here \$65 whether they win or not. The Omaha club gets

\$2,100 salary every month. The club has played twenty-four games during the past two months. On week days the proceeds from the game average only \$25 above the guarantee, which for the twenty-four games equals \$600. In these two months the salaries of the players have amounted to \$4,200; the loss for the two months, then, would be \$3,600. The loss for the season. at this rate, without the Sunday games, would be \$10,800. It is, then, a question of amusement and money making. But is it contended that such motives justify us in breaking the Sabbath? The fact is that many of the best players do not try to justify the Sunday game. The National league will not handle a ball on the Sabbath, nor will they permit a man to belong to one of their eight clubs who do so. The Manager says: "I would prefer not to play on the Sabbath." In his correspondence, as former manager, he found that many players made it a condition that they should not be obliged to play on the Sabbath.

The position, then, that the Omaha association takes, is, "We are poor, therefore we must be wicked." If the devil has got you down, don't let him put his feet on you.

Mark this. Your objections are easily swept away.

For my part I would not take away the legitimate pleasure of any man. There is enough of sorrow in this world; let us augment the pleasures rather than decrease them. Man is the only animal that laughs; let him do so if there is not a sting with the laugh.

But the Sunday base ball is played in direct opposition to the law of God. See Exodus, xx, 8, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy;" and in Isaiah lviii, 13, He says, we are not to find our pleasure on the Sabbath day.

Agassiz was asked what most impressed him on his arrival in this country. He said: "The quiet of an American Sabbath." What would the great scientist now say if he could look in upon us on Sabbath; beer gardens all running, traveling circuses in full blast, and thousands of people shouting over base ball? Would he not say "You are breakers of the divine Law?"

And this is no light thing to break God's laws. Look at the blessings, which He says, rest on those who keep His laws, and the curses which descend on those who break them. See Deuteronomy xxviii.

Is an hour's pleasure, or the gaining of a few paltry dollars, to be compared to the favor of Almighty God?

It is a breaking of the laws of our state and city. See statutes of Nebraska, chapter xxiii, section 241. "If any person of the age of 14 years or upwards shall be found on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, sporting, rioting, quarreling, hunting, fishing, or shooting, he or she shall be fined in a sum not exceeding twenty dollars, or be confined in the county jail for a term not exceeding twenty days, or both, at the discretion of the court."

It is also against the ordinance of our city. See ordinance defining "The powers of the council," section xv,

paragraph 3. It is within the power of the council "to restrain, prohibit and suppress all gaming and desecrations of the Sabbath."

Moreover, the Sunday base ball disturbs the worshippers in God's house and the children who are reciting their lessons in the Sabbath school, and this of itself is no inconsiderable argument.

Again, families are disturbed and robbed of their Sabbath quiet and rest, and have even left their homes while the game has been in progress.

The game has been a powerful temptation to boys and young men, inducing them to break the Sabbath. Many young men from the east, from christian homes, have seen the multitude going to the ball grounds and have fallen in with them.

Dr. Wayland says: "Religious restraint is fast losing its hold on that young man who, having been educated in the fear of God, begins to spend the Sabbath in idleness or amusement."

The base ball association of this city will be responsible for the starting of more than one young man in the course of sin.

Some will ask us, "What is the cure?" The evil will be cured if men will do their duty. Let the district attorney see to the enforcement of the state law. It is his business. Let the city officials see to the enforcement of the city ordinance on this point. And if the press will take a stand for the Sabbath it will be a power. But when some of our papers publish such

articles as have recently appeared, actually taking sides with the Sunday base ball, Sunday beer gardens and music, we can hope for little from such sources.

But we look for the ministers and churches to do much. We are responsible for these evils until we have done our best to correct them.

Nehemiah contended with the nobles of Judah and told the Sabbath breakers he would lay hands on them if they came again.

Now it remains for us to speak and to act.

You sing, "Surely the Captain May Depend on Me," but can he?

We have a good mayor who is anxious to see these evils abated.

What will you do to help him?

God and good men are watching for your decision.



Awful Sin of Profanity.

HE subject to-night is Profane Swearing. Our text is taken from James v, 12: "But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation."

The first man, who swore a profane oath was born a good while ago. On opening the oldest book in the world we see that they knew something of this baneful art. Job's wife told her husband to curse God. It is bad enough when a man has an oath in his heart, but it is far worse when a woman is profane. Men swear in almost every language and in nearly every land under the sun, but the English language is the great vehicle of profanity. Americans have taught other nations how to swear and drink whisky. In our country all classes swear. The drunkard lives in an atmosphere of oaths. The lost woman curses her associates as they walk to hell. In our own city you have heard a volley of oaths come from a company of little children. They call each other the vilest epithets. All about us we are growing profane men and women. Business men swear at their work. Husbands swear in the presence of wives and children. I even heard two reporters of our great dailies swear, a few days ago. I have known profane church members in this town. When the devil can get a church member to swear he is pretty sure of him. Men swear everywhere—on the streets, in the home, in the place of business, on the train, in secret societies; on every hand men are cursing God and one another. In the name of all that is pure and holy, is it not about time to call a halt to this awful sin of profanity?

I have asked myself the question, and I have asked it of others, why do men swear? And of all the answers I have received there is not one valid reason. Men swear to give emphasis, but I pity the man whose knowledge of English is so meager that he must be profane in order to be forcible. Some tell us that they swear to drive the work along. Some of the mule drivers in the army thought the mules would not pull unless they were sworn at. I know a man in this town who is very profane while about his work; and I am told, the better business is, the more fearfully he swears. His curses pollute the very neighborhood in which he lives.

Men swear because the evil habit has fastened upon them. A habit is something that has us, and this evil fastens itself on men to such a degree that they hardly know when they swear. In many cases they swear because they have gotten into bad company. Profane company will make profane men. "Lie down with a dog and you get up with a flea." But the great reason why men swear is, the devil is in their hearts, and when they swear it is only the devil speaking out. You can't bribe him to keep still. He will talk and he never used a pure language.

We have some arguments against this fearful sin, and we would denounce it with every power we possess. All good men are opposed to profane swearing. Louis IX, of France, punished those who were convicted of swearing by searing their lips with a hot iron, and when some complained that the punishment was too severe, he replied: "I would to God that by searing my own lips I could banish out of my realm all abuse of oaths." 'Chrysostom was so opposed to swearing, he recommended that those who were guilty of the sin should be compelled to go without a meal for every oath they swore. But I think we could scarcely find anyone, either good or bad, advocate the use of profanity. I have never heard a man uphold the practice.

Again, it is absolutely useless. No inducements are offered by the devil, or any other person, for swearing. The profane man bites a perfectly bare hook. The liar tells the falsehood for a purpose. The thief steals to satisfy his want. The murderer slays his victim for revenge or for gain; but the swearer swears for nothing.

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked one man of another. "He don't pay me anything," was the reply. "Well, you work cheap to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends to suffer, and lastly, to risk your own precious soul—and for nothing. You certainly do work cheap."

It is not gentlemanly; no gentleman in England swears; no gentleman swears anywhere. The true gentleman is such at heart, but he is not profane. It is the one who wishes to degrade himself to the very lowest level of pollution and shame that swears. It is disgusting to the refined and abominable to the good. It is a sin against the state. Most civilized states have made swearing a crime. In Great Britain profanity is punishable by the civil law. Scotland legislates against swearing, and we may add that in the United States, also, most of the state laws make swearing a punishable offense for which a fine may be imposed.

It is a sin against God. One of the first commandments God ever gave to men was: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." And in our text God says, "Swear not." You know it is sin. You remember how faithfully your precious parents warned you against this sin against God. You recall how much you were frightened when you swore your first oath, and then how your soul became calloused till you hardly knew when you added a new oath to your almost countless number. To invoke the vengeance of God is, perhaps, the most awful offence in the sight of our Father. The text next says the swearer falls into condemnation. Swearing leads to other sins; it never stands alone. The swearer is usually a liar, condemning what God has not condemned.

"If you should ask me what the cure for this great

evil is I would say, "Be a man and stop." Are your going to let a habit down you and hold you there and damn you at last? Put your will into exercise and stop this stream of profanity. Some men say, "I can't quit swearing, and I can't quit drink and tobacco." I say that I believe in the sovereignty of the individual, and that a man can quit whatever he wants to quit, and whenever you want to quit swearing, you can do it. You can't make me believe you have lost the ability and power to be a man. If there were no God and no future, you ought to stop this foul language.

Begin to pray. I never knew a man, who prayed much, to swear. The man of prayer reverences the name of God.

Let God cast the devil out of your heart. There was a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when in port he was even worse than when on sea. Conversion by the power of the Holy Ghost washed his tongue clean of profanity. God can do that for you—"Do not try to cleanse the stream—run that hog out of the spring."



Address to Odd Fellows.

©EMBERS of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the state of Nebraska:--You come here to-day as the representatives of an ancient and most honorable body. Your very presence in our city calls up the interesting facts relating to our origin and marvelous prosperity. Our order had its beginning in London, England, about 1745. The early laws were crude and imperfect, but able and large-hearted men thought and planned, and labored, until the foundation stones were laid broad and deep. And now the whole world says that our fathers builded better than they knew. In the year 1814 the lodges in Manchester, England, and vicinity were consolidated under the title, "The Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Manchester Unity." This Manchester union soon attained great prosperity and organized lodges in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France, Turkey, Africa, North and South America, East and West Indies and Australia. Numerous attempts were made to establish lodges in the United States, but a permanent organization was not effected until about 1820, when a document was procured from the Manchester Unity, clothing the American organization with the powers of a grand, as well as subordinate lodge, under the title of "No. 1, Washington lodge, Grand lodge of Mary-

land, and the United States." In 1829, Thomas Wildey, the presiding officer of the Grand lodge of the United States, visited England and obtained from the Grand committee of Manchester Unity, the independent charter granting to the Grand lodge of the United States authority to conduct the business of Odd Fellowship without the interference of any other country, "as long as the same is administered according to the principles and purity of Odd Fellowship." Intimate relations between the two bodies continued for several years, but differences arose which could not be reconciled, and a final separation was effected in 1843. Since the latter date our order has had great prosperity in this country. We have organized Grand lodges in every state and in most of the territories in the United States, Canada, Switzerland and Australia. We have now 528,000 members, and publish more than a score of periodicals. In this young state of Nebraska alone we have 5,610 members, and in this city we have six most prosperous lodges. Again, looking into your faces as we do this hour, we ask, concerning the great objects of our order: Tell me the object of a man or a set of men and we can guess their value in the world.

The objects, of American Odd Fellowship, are to "visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." We are told that the mission of your order is to improve and elevate the character of man, and imbue him with proper conceptions of his capabilities of good; enlighten his mind; enlarge the sphere of his affections, and lead him to a cultivation of the true fraternal relation designed by the Great Author of his being. It is our mission to watch over each other, whether within our lodge room or out of it. Not only do we aim high, but our past and present history shows that we actually accomplish the proudest achievements. The Manchester Unity, the largest and most important body of Odd Fellowship in Europe, paid for sick and funeral benefits in a single decade—1865-1875—over \$15,000,000. Last year in this country our order paid \$15,400 for the education of orphan children. We gave to the widows and their children, \$137,000; for the relief of our sick brethren, \$1,378,427; for the burial of our dead we expended \$353,880. I do not hesitate to say, in this or any other presence to-day, that in these grandest of objects the Odd Fellows surpass all other societies in the world. The history of this, Goodrich lodge, No. 144, reads like a chapter from fairy land. It was organized on November 9, 1886, by John Evans, of this city. It now has one hundred and fifty members and is growing rapidly. Our grand master says: "I never knew a lodge so young to attempt and accomplish so great things." In the name of God let us go on. And may the corner stone laid to-day under such favorable auspices, in due time, be followed by the cap stone laid with shoutings. And as our kind father gives us a commodious and even elegant house, may we all feel ourselves under renewed obligations to daily practice our splendid motto, "friendship, love and truth."

"The Knights of the Grip."

Y text will be found in Luke x, 35: "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

I preach this evening to the "Commercial Travelers," but other people need not settle back in their seats and think that there will be nothing for them. A good sermon is like an old-time shot-gun—it scatters and hits a good many birds every time it goes off.

I have several reasons for preaching this sermon. The traveling men have requested me to preach it, and I am always glad to preach to men who want to hear. I preach to you, also, because you need it. You are not saints, but sinners, and all sinners need the gospel. You need more sermons than you get.

Lately, I have been looking up your history. Like Dr. Johnson, I should like to know the biography of every man I meet. The time was when the dealers went to the great cities once or twice a year and bought the goods for their trade. Now the plan is entirely changed. The great manufacturing firms and the wholesale houses send out men in every direction to bid for trade. I am told that in 1844, Daniel R. Wolff went to Philadelphia as a

salesman for the dry goods house of Dunton, Gemmill & Co. As trade was dull, Mr. Wolff suggested that some one be sent out among the country merchants to drum up trade. "Who will be the drummer?" asked one of the firm. "I will," replied Mr. Wolff.

He went on the road and solicited trade among the merchants of Southern and Central Pennsylvania and New Jersey. He carried no samples, but filled orders from samples provided by the merchants to whom he sold. In 1849 the thought struck Mr. Wolff that if he carried samples of his own, he could introduce new goods and more of them. He told the house that the samples were coming from the wrong end of the line. From that time on, samples were carried. Since the war, especially, your numbers have grown till you now are a mighty army, amounting to 250,000 strong. The growth of trade in this city has been phenomenal in the past ten years. For example: Ten years ago Omaha had one small jobbing hardware house, which sent out two men. Now one firm sends out ten.

In the spring of 1880 there were not more than three salesmen in one of the leading lines making the state. Now, in this line there are over twenty, and all other lines have increased proportionately. Three hundred traveling men make their homes in this city, and this city is only a sample of other great centers.

The commercial traveler is, as a rule, a fairly well paid man. The average salesman gets \$1,200 a year. The men who sell to retail dealers get as high as \$3,000 or

\$4,000, while the men who sell to the jobbing trade sometimes get salaries of from \$4,000 to \$5,000. Here is an incentive to do well. The traveling man should be well paid, for he carries great interests and responsibilities. The traveling salesman ought to be a whole man, for he has a man's work to do. The best men are born, not made, for it is a natural gift to be a good salesman.

He should also be a gentleman. A bore would have very little success on the road. And he should be a gentleman at heart as well as in manners.

He should be able to read character, and have the good sense to let his customers ride a hobby, if they insist upon it. If the traveling man can only have one gift, let it be common sense, for common sense is the genius of humanity.

He must be honest—a man of his word. He must not need watching, for he goes where his employers cannot watch him. He ought to be a sober man. The day when the commercial man can be a drunkard, and yet stand well with his house, is past and past forever.

He should be a hard worker. If unincumbered, he makes three towns a day, and with his trunks he makes from one to two. Often, like that woman in the scripture, he "rises while it is yet night."

He has need of genuine pluck; that is, he should have a heavy under jaw and be able to whistle when it rains.

He is a bright man—a fool has no place on the road. He meets and does business with the shrewdest men of the land, hence he, himself, must be intelligent. He must make personal friends of his customers, and they must come to trust and even implicitly believe what he says. Trickery wins for a day, but old time honesty gains in the long run.

The wise salesman knows how to rest. He who knows not this art will either break down or go crazy. The best traveling men are kind-hearted and liberal—ready to help the unfortunate and to relieve suffering. Dr. Byers, of Ohio, says that the good samaritan who spoke our text was a traveling man. A poor fellow, going to Jericho, fell among thieves who beat and robbed him and left him for dead, and though a preist and a Levite neglected him, a Samaritan, who was a commercial traveler, put him on his beast and took him to a hotel and said to the host, "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee."

In his gifts the traveling man is seldom imposed upon, for he is quick to see the genuine. A little boy fell in front of a hotel in Lincoln and broke his leg, spilling the contents of his market basket. The traveling men sent the little unfortunate home in a hack and gave him \$18.00. In the city of Hastings, not long ago, a company of commercial travelers went to church. They were given seats in front and were attentive listeners, and when the old deacon passed the hat they each put in a silver dollar. Before he got through with those men that deacon was obliged to take both hands to his hat.

Truth compels me to say, however, that the average

commercial traveler is not very religious. He sees a good trade more easily than he see the judgment day.

The man on the road is subject to great temptations. For some reasons your temptations are greater than those that come to most men. You are bright and have money. If a man is a fool, or if he is very poor, he is not apt to be a great sinner.

Again, you are away from home and home influences. Temptations to drink and gamble, to swear and lie, and to go in company of bad women, come to you on every hand.

Again, many are in the habit of spending the Sabbath in the "Sunday towns" to have a good time. Here the landlords allow all the freedom that can be permitted in any hotel. The most steady of the men go to their homes, or to more quiet houses, and thus the worst element is left with the young men in the business, and before Monday morning things come to a pass bad enough. These men think they are so far removed from home that what they do will never come to light; and the result is that traveling men, as a class, get a worse name than they really deserve.

In this sermon I would be recreant to my trust if I did not give some words of counsel.

Be good men. There are hundreds of men among you now who are good men in the best sense of the word. They are Christians and they are not ashamed to let this be known. The Hon. Will Cumback, of Indiana, exlieutenant governor and ex-congressman, is now a com-

mercial traveler. This man is also a candidate for the nomination of governor for the state of Indiana. Men from your ranks are to-day being put forward for offices of honor and trust all over the land, both in church and state. God grant that the long list of good men among you may be greatly augmented. Good men are the wealth of our states.

Create a sentiment against the rowdyism in the Sunday towns, which is participated in by some of your members. Rowdyism is everywhere below par to-day, and you can hiss it down among your men if you will.

Be reliable and thoroughly honest and you will surpass the brilliant man who is reliable only at times.

Keep busy, for the busy life is a shield against temptation. Pick up the gold dust of time. Carry a good book in your pocket and at odd moments you can store your mind with the most useful knowledge. Some of the world's best scholars have been the hardest workers and the most busy men.

Do not allow yourselves to be enslaved by the grosser sins. There is no need for the traveling man to drink to-day. A commercial traveler was once told that he would have to drink if he did business with a certain man named. "Then," said the salesman, "I will not do the business."

The trade was made; the traveler was asked to drink and smoke, and when he refused both, the merchant said: "That's right, old boy; stick to that and you're all right." I would to God that every one of the 250,000 traveling

men were total abstinence men and advocates of the abolition of the liquor traffic. Do not indulge in games of chance. Earn what money you have and do not gamble for it. Do not go with her whose house takes hold on hell. This woman will meet you everywhere, but in the name of God I warn you to keep your souls pure. Give the right hand to every movement which lifts you and your fellows up. I like the ring of "The Travelers' Protective Association," one of whose aims is to "elevate the social and moral character of commercial travelers." I am not surprised that this association, at its last annual meeting in St. Louis, had 8,607 members in good standing.

Find your way to church on Sabbath morning. You may be a stranger in the city where you are, but you will find your mother's bible and your mother's God in that church. Get all the good you can out of the sermon, and offer an earnest prayer to God for your own soul.

I counsel you above all to give yourself to God; then when you have sold your last bill of goods, and made your last trip, you will not be dismayed when the head of the great house calls you to your final settlement.



Domestic Servants.

OUR subject is, "Domestic Servants," and our text will be found in Colossians, iii, 22: "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God." I have been thinking a good deal about you lately, and have been informing myself about your work. Your numbers are great enough in this city, alone, to make an army. Each of our large hotels employ fifty or sixty servants, and most private residences have from one to a half dozen. I can see you pass along with the implements and dress of your profession. With the broom or mop or tray, wearing dust cap, white apron or swallow-tail coat. You come into our hotels, restaurants and homes, from every country under the sun -America, Africa, Germany, Scandinavia, Bohemia, France, Ireland, and many other lands that vie with each other in producing the whitest floor, the softest bed or the most delightful dish.

Some of you are endowed with more sense and self-control than the people you serve, and more than one of you surpass, in appearance and address, the master and mistress of the house. I congratulate you, because you

belong to the class of hard workers. Many of you get up at 4 or 5 o'clock, and your duties are not completed until 9 or 10 at night. I look upon you with tenfold more respect than I do the idle child of the rich man, or the worthless, spider-legged dude. You are of use in the world. If you were blotted out, the world's people would stretch out their hands and cry for bread.

I think you have been slighted by the preachers. We have carried the gospel to Mary in the parlor, but we have not gone to pray with Martha in the kitchen. The average preacher will take up his cross and go as far as the dining-room—that is, when there is roast chicken upon the table—but as to asking the servant about the welfare of the immortal soul, it does not come into his mind. The idea largely prevails that the master and mistress have souls, but the servants have only gizzards. When we see this world as God sees it, we shall be as as anxious for the salvation of our servants as we are now for the people who live on the opposite hemisphere.

I can see no reason why we should not go into the kitchen, and cellar, for tried, tempted and lost souls. The only sermons that many of them have are those preached by the daily press.

I ask the servants in this city to listen to what God says to them in his text—indeed I would have you study the whole third chapter of Colossians, and you will find many a valuable lesson for yourselves. I see that with God the word servant is a badge of honor. When God speaks to a slave he treats him with the respect due

a free man. God does not look at a man's dress, or his hands, but at his heart. You show me a man or woman who does not serve some one, and I will show you an individual of the smallest possible account in the world. Do not be ashamed of your place. Jesus calls himself by the very name he calls you. Matt. xx, 27: "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." When shall we come to believe that no legitimate work is dishonorable? I may wear a white necktie, and stand in the pulpit; you may wear a white apron and stand in the kitchen, and you may be as honorable, as good and pure as I. The place does not make the man, but the man the place. Lift up your heads and thank God that the term servant may be worn as a badge of honor.

See in this text again, that God expects great things of you. He takes it for granted that you will be his servant. Hear his word: "Ye serve the Lord Christ." Now I ask you, don't you think some of you are a long way off from being God's servants? A good many of you are as fine servants as the devil has. How you have worked for that old scamp. He has come to you day and night in kitchen, pantry, and bedroom, asking you to do the meanest things—and you have done them. Don't you remember?

Well, if you serve the devil, you are his servant—Romans vi, 16: "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey; his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness."

To whom have you yielded yourselves? Your lives tell whom you serve.

The servant who serves God, and the one who serves the devil, are known as surely as though the name of their master were painted on their backs in large letters. I repeat it, many of you are serving the devil; you are disappointing God. Let me prove this. Many of you work well when you are watched. That is what God calls eye-service and being men-pleasers. In other words, you are unreliable. When the devil gets into a servant's heart, he makes him untrustworthy. But if God has his dwelling place within, you can trust him anywhere.

Many a woman in this city says, "I have one of the best girls you ever saw—when I am watching her." I have a dog that has to be watched all the time or he goes off to visit the neighbor dogs. He is well bred and good looking: but all that goes for nothing; he has to be watched, and that makes him of no account.

Again, many of you waste your money. You girls get \$15 or \$20 a month, if you are in a hotel, and \$12 or \$15, if in a private family. Beside this, you get your board and room. Your actual expenses are very small. The men get from \$20 to \$125, according to the service rendered; but only a very few save money.

I know cooks in this city who get \$100 a month and they "throw the money at the birds." Do you know this very thing tells the master you serve? A Christian saves his money and puts it to good uses, while the sinner uses it to help him on in badness. The old folks at

home need some of it, and you will, after awhile, long for many a dollar you are now throwing away.

Then, too, where there are many of you together, you quarrel. You can get up the biggest fights over the smallest matters, and the result is the steward of the hotel hands you over your value and shows you the door.

Moreover, hundreds of you in this city, after your day's work is done in summer, go to the beer gardens; but now, in this winter season, you go, after 9 o'clock, to dance houses. You dance with rough, bad men you never saw before. That dance, for many of you, is the dance of death. That dance induced you to buy clothing you could not afford and which you did not need; it robbed you of your rest, and it was the occasion of your falling into sins I cannot name here. The servant who lies down to rest, in her room, is far better off than one who walks the streets late at night, or is a party in the public dance.

Some swear and drink.

The colored waiters have one sin they are especially addicted to—"crap shooting or dice throwing." They follow this thing month after month.

In my next sermon I shall tell where some of the blame for these sins lie. But this is true: if you want to keep a good name and a spotless character you can do it. You may run the fiery gauntlet of temptation. You may be called of God to knock a tooth or two down the throat of some lecherous whelp, but I repeat it, you can remain good. Into every new crowd you go you will be tried, and

good men, and devils will watch the result. You can come off more than conqueror. Remember, this old world takes off its hat to goodness.

Looking into the text again you can see your duty outlined. Be obedient. Do the bidding of the mistress as you do the will of your Father in heaven. Do your work well. Be faithful, truthful and thoroughly trusty. If you are these you will have steady work, good pay, and a good home. Be in earnest in your work. God calls it doing it "heartily." Be religious. Read the testament your mother gave you and kneel down and pray. The Lord will hear you, and if you are lonely He will be company for you; and if you are sad He will comfort and sustain you. What we need now is more servants who fear God-then they can be trusted; then they will stand. In this very chapter God talks of the rewards of those who serve Christ. You will feel happy every day, because you are doing right. And in all your doings God will help you. God helps those who honor him. Heaven will be yours hereafter. Many of us here must fill lowly places, but God will give us the choicest things of heaven if we will but walk before Him with a pure heart.



The Dangers of Domestics.

E address this sermon to "Employers of Domestic Servants," and we take our text from Collossians, iv, 1: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a master in heaven." God here speaks in behalf of the lowly and needy. He speaks for those who cannot speak for themselves. He said his mission to earth was to heal broken hearts and to open prison doors. And we know he has a great field even in our midst. God speaks these words to you. People are so liberal of the gospel. They give it all away. Let every person here who has a servant, weigh these words of the Great Teacher well. God looks down on this city to-night, and can see that the servants are mistreated and wronged.

The most of our servants come from across the water, and when they land at Castle Garden their trouble begins. Many a runner, and agent, at this gateway for strangers, will have to account for the wrongs done to the ignorant and helpless. Remember, God keeps a record.

Again, they are made to feel that they are servants in your homes. That idea is forced upon them at every turn. They are made to know what a stinging thing it is to be poor and utterly dependent. The mistress of the house has her place, and the servant has her proper place, but the difference of position gives no one the right to enslave the human soul. It is our mission here to help and lift up, rather than to sadden and degrade.

Some are made to do unnecessary work. Many feel that the servant girl must work fifteen hours a day, seven days in a week, or she will not earn the paltry sum she gets. When she finishes the long round of daily work she is told "to wash the doors or the windows," or something of that sort, though the work is not needed.

A weakly girl said to one of our ladies, the other day: "I want to come to your house to rest." Take it to yourself. How would you enjoy life if it were one eternal grind. Your work would be done better if your servant had an hour or two to rest every day.

Others have poor and insufficient food. The servants wait till the second table, but often the first table eats up all the food. I know of one family in this town who cannot keep servants from this one fact, that they wont give them enough to eat. And these are folks who put on lots of style, too. It seems to me, if I were a brass-collared dog, I would try to carry it out in better shape than that. Many a poor girl in this town has been cheated out of her pay—cheated out of money she earned over a cook stove and a wash tub. A man who will cheat his washerwoman, or his servants, is getting pretty low. But this is a thing which many society and church people do in this city. If some of you are surprised that church

members should do such a thing as this, I would say that the man who only makes a profession of religion will do as mean things as the devil wants him to.

Again, as the servant's work is now arranged, in many cases she has no time to go to worship God. The majority of the servant girls have no Sabbath. The people whom they serve sleep late on Sabbath morning, so that they are of neccessity late in beginning their work. And the Sunday dinner is the affair of the week. Hundreds of girls in our hotels and private houses never go to church, and many cannot go. The employers go in some cases, and are apparently very devout, but a piety which will allow its possessor to sleep so late that the servant is kept from the house of prayer, is of precious little worth.

And last, but not least, the servant often has her good name and character taken from her by her employer. If you doubt what I say on this point, come to me and I will prove it to you. God knows it is true, and so do you know it. Some of you know that it has gotten out among the neighbors that the reason your wife has to change girls so often is that her husband is such a low bred cur. The servants won't stay in the house with you.

Not very far from this church is a beautiful residence. For a few weeks within the past year, a trusty servant girl had charge of the house, and a man had charge of the grounds and the stables. This man offered one insult after another, till she finally told her employer, and

he said to her, as he handed her a pistol: "Blow the top of his head off." The man in the stable had nothing more to say.

I would to God it were only stable men I had to charge with the moral ruin of poor servant girls. Let me give you a typical case of the way this deviltry is carried on in many homes. A most respectable and excellent servant girl unites with one of the city churches. She is employed in a home of wealth and so-called refinement. The occupants of that home have a place and a name in the church of Jesus. They are highly respected people. The girl attends the services faithfully, but seems to get no rest of heart. Two years have passed since she united with God's people. She can stand it no longer. She tells her pastor that for two years she has been compelled to be the mistress of her employer, and asks in the name of God what she shall do? He tells her to bring her trunk to his house and he will find her a good place. This minister takes her to a place which he believes to be above reproach. The owner of that home stands well in society and the church. At the end of two years that servant girl is sent to Chicago to give birth to his child. And do you know that this awful wickedness is going on all through our society and our churches? I know now what Josh Billings meant when he said, "The more business I have to do with men, the better opinion I have of dogs."

These two reasons are given for the moral ruin of servants: They are dependent and they are ignorant. But

I add a third, and it is the supreme reason: the awful depravity of the employers.

Looking again into the text, we see plainly the way they should be treated. "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal." That means humane, honest, Christian treatment, and God expects this at our hands. We should look upon our servants as our equals before God, however unequal they may be in education and intelligence. We should treat them as having immortal souls, and as those who will stand at the judgment with us. And to bring this about let the preachers and churches speak out. In the name of God is this state of things right or wrong? If it is right, let us applaud it, but if it is wrong, let us cry loud and spare not. Many a soul is going down to hell, and the preachers are as still as the grave as to the real causes. They tell us, "The people are refined and delicate on those points, we cannot touch upon them." Let men stop these sins and I will shut my mouth, but not till then. The devil just laughs when a preacher takes up some old, dead issue, but when he strikes at the living, awful sins, he is frightened.

Then, too, your homes must be converted. God says to-day, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." And this invitation is addressed to the man of the house. This world will go to hell if the men are not saved. Only pure religion, bestowed by Jesus, can root out this supreme selfishness in the sinful heart. God send us a mighty revival in our churches.

In conclusion, this text tells us the reason which God gave for treating the servants well. "Ye have a master in heaven." The recording angel has been writing. You will stand before the Judge, and the poor servant you have cheated or degraded will stand by your side, and with infinite shame and remorse, you will hear the awful word "Depart," and you will take your way to the regions of the "damned." In the name of Jesus I ask you to turn your back on sin, and set your face as a flint toward heaven.



Spread of Salvation.

SALMS lxviii, 31: "Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

Our subject this morning is "Missions." Looking into this word of God we see the great need of the nations for the gospel. See what figures the text uses to bring out this thought—Princes from Egypt are on the march to Calvary. Ethiopia is pictured as a woman holding out her hands to God. In describing the state of the heathen, God says, "They are filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness; and full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whispers." And if you will look at the first chapter of Romans you will find that the catalogue is not yet complete. Those living in Christian lands out of God have great needs; but they live in the light of bible truth. Once separate them from Christian surroundings and you have Ingersollville, the city that Chaplain McCabe dreamed of. In heather lands men are literally living in the habitations of cruelty. Their languages are rich in words of crime with no word for mercy. The Rev. Sylvanus Whitehead, for ten years a missionary in South China, says: "In China you find

heathenism of the most ancient, and the most gigantic, and the most impious type. It would almost seem as though God had isolated the Chinese Empire from the rest of the race just to see whether human nature has in it any recuperative power; whether man left to himself can devise any system, social, political or moral, that shall be sufficient to depose vice, to exalt virtue and to promote happiness. And certainly they have not been wanting in expedients. They have had their great national system in operation for more than twenty centuries. These systems are Confucianism, Taoism and Buddahism. These three systems form the three angles of a triangle the moral, the metaphysical and the immortal. They appeal to the three great functions of the soul—the will, the sensibility and the intellect—and they unite in ignoring God. They have had a wide field, length of days. freedom from outside interference—what is the result? It is an empire more corrupt and degraded than has ever been found. The nation has gone down into deeper darkness and fouler immorality. The lesson is that manmade systems will never succeed in regenerating human nature and raising the race.

Dr. Stephen Olin, one of the greatest preachers of Methodism, saw this procession of heathen marching by in solid columns, centuries long filled with more than half of the human race plunging on in the darkness, and he exclaimed: "They perish, sir. They perish!"

See, in the second place in this text, the willingness of the natives to receive the Gospel. Ethiopia stretches out her own hands to God. The open doors indeed are many to-day. The nations of Europe are filling our States with souls hungry for the Bread of Life. One of the best mission fields in the world is our own Sunny South, with millions of poor whites and blacks ready to be taught.

Looking at the foreign fields, the opportunities are wonderful. Bishop William Taylor has charge of our work in Africa. Bishop Taylor is there presiding over the Conferences, traveling through that land, establishing Mission stations, himself the grandest worker in the field.

On April 1, 1887, William Taylor called for fifty consecrated Missionaries to leave New York, October 1. He says: "I have arranged for opening a dozen industrial schools and Mission stations on the west coast of Africa, among raw, heathen tribes, and may start on another tour to-morrow." He is working among the Bush people, who have never lived within the radius of civilized life. The stations are located in a most fertile country, five of them on the high banks of a beautiful river whose waters no steamer ever ploughed.

Surely Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God. The same may be said of South America, of India, and many other lands. There is a great willingness to receive the Gospel.

Again, looking into this text, we see that the ultimate success of Missions is assured. A great thinker has said: "The success of Missions is the marvel of history."

In 1800 there were only seven Protestant Foreign

Missionary societies; in 1887 there are seventy. In 1800, 170 ordained Missionaries, now about 7,000, directing 45,000 helpers, working in 20,000 stations. In 1800 there were 50,000 converts, now over 1,000,000, with 3,500,000 adherents. In the last thirty-seven years, more Missionary work has been done than in the previous five hundred years. In the Figi Islands, fifty years ago, the inhabitants feasted on human flesh.

To-day, out of a population of 120,000, 102,000 go to church and 25,000 are communicants. In 1800 in the Friendly Islands there was not a Christian. To-day there are 8,000 communicants and 20,000 worshippers. A century ago Polynesia, with its 12,000 islands, was heathen to the last degree; to-day it is nearly Christianized. It took 1,500 years to secure 100,000,000 Christians, and it took three hundred years to double the number, making 200,000,000 in 1800; but in 1876 the number had gone up to 687,000,000.

Let us now look at the Word to see how the gospel is to be taken to those who are reaching out their hands for it. If you read the last chapter of Matthew you will find our marching orders. They are: "Go ye unto all the world and preach the grospel to every creature, and lo! I am with you alway." The desire to give light to others is God-given. The Abbe Sicard, speaking of his celebrated pupil, Massien, relates that immediately after his conversion he said: "Let me go to my father, to my mother, to my brothers, to tell them there is a God. They know it not."

God says: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

We have something worth having and something worth giving, but we have never given worthy of the cause. God asks our hearts, our prayers, our money. England pays \$6,000,000 for Missions, but she pays \$750,000,000 for rum. The United States pays \$3,000,000 for Missions and \$600,000,000 for rum.

The Methodist Episcopal church expects to give, this year, \$1,000,000 for Missions from collections only. She has never yet given that sum. A tenth of the eggs in the country would pay the million dollars. The Seward street church is assessed \$150 as her part of the million. We have three hundred and fifty members and we ought to average a dollar apiece.

I know two men who will give twenty each. How much shall we give to God for this noblest of causes?



Soafers.

E take for our text to-night II Thess. iii, 11: "For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all."

My subject this evening is "Idleness," and I will address this sermon to "The loafers."

In this text see God's definition of the loafer. God says he is the man who does not work at all. Webster says, "A loafer is an idle man." Whether a man is worth one hundred thousand dollars or only five cents, makes no difference, if he is an idle man, he is a loafer. God looks to see if a man works, and he rates him accordingly. The amount of money he may chance to have does not figure.

In this country the loafers are of both sexes and of all ages.

There are women in this town by the score who are genuine loafers, and there is plenty of housework to do. The women cannot say, "We have no work to do." The washing is to be done on Monday, the ironing on Tuesday, and so on through the week.

A man may, some times, get out of work, but a woman, never. If you should ask me what this class of women

do whom I am describing, I should say they are busy keeping their hands white and preserving a delicate complexion, and they kill some time lying on the sofa reading a yellow covered novel. In plain English, "They loaf for a business."

The worst visitation of divine providence which God can ever send on a man is one of these creatures for a wife. We turn into Episcopalians long enough to say, "Good Lord deliver us!"

No man can thoroughly respect an idle woman. God made the woman to be a help-meet for the man, and if she does not help father, brother, or husband, she will very likely come to be despised. While she lives the idle woman is utterly worthless, and when she dies no one really mourns.

I can give you one sign by which you can know a lazy woman—very often she carries a dog. The other day a woman passed along in a stylish turn-out with a colored man as coachman, her child sprawling on the floor of the carriage, but she held a dog in her arms.

God's woman is not an idler, but a tireless worker. If she lived west of Omaha, she would be called a "rustler." The 31st of Proverbs defines a woman praised by her husband and blest of her children.

But the men take up their cross and do their full share of the loafing. If any man wants work in this town he can get it. I have never seen the time, for the past five years, in this city, that I could not get half a dozen kinds of work to do.

If a man can throw dirt with a shovel, he can get \$1.75 a day. If he can handle a hammer and plane, he can get \$3.00, and if he knows how to use a trowel and lay brick, he can make \$5.00; if he knows how to hold a plough and hoe corn, the broad fertile fields of Nebraska say to him, "Here's your chance."

If any man to-day knows how to work and has a will to do it, he can do well in this city.

Every man ought to labor and to save. I know a man who has been in the Methodist ministry ten years and he has saved something every year. If he can do that in the ministry, you ought to do well in any calling under the sun.

There is no excuse for idleness in Omaha, yet many idle men are found on our streets.

There are 1,200 vagrants or tramps arrested every year. Make a visit to the empty box cars and buildings, and to the parks at this season of the year, and you could haul the loafers in by the wagon load. Think of it! Minnesota and Dakota can not get men enough to save the fields of dead ripe wheat, yet the number of loafers does not decrease.

Some men start from New York City and tramp across to San Francisco. Some "catch a ride" around the world. They take the same trip that Captain Cook did, only they travel on "cheek."

These men "tramp" because they do not want to work. They were born tired. They are loafers of the first class. They are waiting to find a country where they will not have to work, and I have to tell them that they are walking the wrong direction. I do not believe there is a spot in God's universe for idlers.

Idleness keeps a man away from God. A lazy man may be a professor of religion, but he cannot be truly religious. If a loafer should, by some chance, get religion he would lose it within three days, for God would say to him: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and the lazy lout would flare up and quit the service on the spot. I never ask a loafer to be a Christian for that would be asking him to attempt the impossible. Before God answered the prayer of Fred Douglas for liberty, the dust of southern roads rose in answer to that prayer.

Idleness is the cause of wretchedness. But there is no joy like that which comes from hard work. We can not be happy, or even content, unless we are doing our best —and our best must continually grow better.

When Charles Lamb was set free from work in the India office to which he had been chained for years, he wrote to a friend: "I would not go back to my prison for ten long years for ten thousand pounds. I am as free as air. I shall live another fifty years." Two years had passed and Lamb's feelings had changed entirely. He had found that "leisure" was a pleasant garment to look at, but a bad one to wear. He wrote to the same friend: "No work is worse than overwork; the mind preys upon itself. I have ceased to care for almost anything." You will find contentment and happiness in work.

Idleness produces poverty. I have yet to see a rich tramp. God himself says: "He that will not plough by reason of the cold shall beg in harvest and have nothing." "From nothing, nothing comes." "Do nothing" and you "have nothing." Idleness is a cause of crime. Victor Hugo says, "Idleness is a mother; she has a son, Robbery, and a daughter, Hunger." But all idlers are not criminals, some do good. The other day a box-car got loose and went flying before the wind. When it got under full headway a miserable old tramp within waked up, climbed on top, and set the brake just in time to save a wreck.

In the context the cure is mentioned. God's cure reaches out in three directions, and God's remedies are effectual. If the loafer had any idea of the "fitness of things" he would pray for death, but he has no such idea evidently, else he would not be a loafer. God's great remedy is to starve the loafer. "If any man will not work neither shall he eat," say the scriptures. But the all-powerful remedy is to have the idler made new by the power of God. God can help you.

In conclusion I would say, go to work immediately. If you expect to gain a place among men you must work. Charlotte Cushman said: "Men call it genius, but I tell you it is nothing but sweat." Abraham Van Nest was a harness maker in New York. Through industry, economy and skill he made a fortune. Henry Clay was the "mill-boy of the slashes." Hugh Miller was a stone cutter. Columbus was a weaver. Halley was a soap

boiler. Arkwright was a barber. The learned Bloomfield was a shoemaker. Hogarth was an engraver. Horace Greeley was a printer and started life in New York with \$10.70 in his pocket.

You may have lost time, but you may also buy it back. When Napoleon went on the field of Marengo it was late in the afternoon, and he saw that the battle was really lost, but looking at the western sun, he said, "There is just time to recover the day," and gave his orders with characteristic energy and thus turned defeat into victory. So I say to you, if you bestir yourselves, there is just time to recover the day. Avail yourself of every opportunity lest your life end in disgraceful failure. Don't live in hope, with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves.

Do not despair, even if you are old. Joshua was eighty before he went to his life work. And, doing your duty as an honest worker, you can look up to God and say "Oh, Lord, my heavenly Father, I come to Thee, that I may obtain forgivness of my sins through the precious blood of Jesus, and now I bow at His feet and accept Him as my Savior. Amen."



Grocer and his Customers.

PREACH to-night to the "Grocer and his Customers," and take my text from Proverbs xi, 1: "A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is His delight," and from Exodus xx, 15: "Thou shalt not steal." For the past five years I have watched the business interests of this city. I have been pleased to see the small frame building give place to the immense brick or stone structure. Standing as I do, a little outside of the business whirl, I have been well able to see the marked progress in the different lines of trade. There is one class of business men of whom I have thought much —it is the grocers, and I will tell you why. I thought, when I was a little boy, that if I ever grew to be a man I would keep a grocery, so I could have all the licorice I wanted. Didn't I make a narrow escape? Then I have become acquainted with some of your temptations and troubles, and on this account I have thought of you. You enter a field in which there is the sharpest competition. Your patience is tried to its limit. Every day you must deal with a crowd of unreasonable if not dishonest people. As I have seen you taking orders and delivering goods when the Nebraska blizzard was at its

height, or as I have seen you wading around at work in the Omaha mud, I have prayed for you that you might have an old-time case of genuine religion—"you need it in your business." I believe we shall see, before we get through with this sermon, that everybody who goes into a grocery needs religion, and having it, he ought to apply it. Religion is a worthless commodity unless it is applied. Religion looks well on dress parade, but it is of more value actually put into practice. It is not a silk dress for the parlor—it is a plain calico for everyday wear. The religion of Jesus is the principle we so much need in trade to-day.

I speak first of the sins of the grocer. There are two classes of men in this line to-day in Omaha. The honest man—some of these have been here for twenty years. Go into their establishments. Forty men are doing up packages and delivering goods. It requires fourteen horses to draw their delivery wagons. You would trust the heads of many of these firms with the last dollar you had, for they are honest men. But there is another sort of men in the business—men who have to be watched. Some of them profess religion, but the profession of religion will never make an honest grocer. I am told that one of these men shouted down to his clerk the other day: "John, have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes," says John. "All right. Come up to prayers." While I go on in this sermon you can place yourself in the class to which you belong—the honest or the dishonest. This is the way we shall do at the judgment, and we might as well begin now. Some of you are dishonest. You have a way of fixing up your scales so that the machine works in your favor. The scale inspector said to one of your number lately: "If I find your scales again in the condition they are to-day I will make you trouble." You may call this sharp practice, doctoring scales in that way, but I call it a dishonest act.

Again, take this fact to demonstrate the same truth. A wealthy man comes into your store. He trusts you. He says: "Send me up so many pounds of this, and of this, and of this." You do so. He comes in every day during the month and gives you his order as to the amount, but does not ask you the price. At the end of the month, when you make out the man's bill, you make him pay more for tea and sugar than you do his neighbor. You call it "sizing him up according to his pile." A retired grocer who once kept a store here, said: "Brother Savidge, you can't make anything in groceries in this town, unless you work your pencil on them." Now, I know that many an honest merchant in this city will say that this is never done. Well, I reply, that it has been done in our city, and done many times. Take another case of dishonesty. You advertise, for example, to sell thirteen pounds of sugar for a dollar, and you tell your clerks to put twelve pounds in those dollar-packages. You not only tell a lie but you make your clerks act a lie all day long. There has been more than one case of this kind in the city within the past five years.

To prove my first point, I will tell you an instance

that came to me from an eye witness. A grocery firm, in this city, bought two car-loads of cider from one of the apple growing states east of us. They then sold all this cider out, with the exception of five barrels. This done, they divided the contents of the five, putting a little cider into each empty barrel, and then filled the whole number up with water. Then they wrote the firm, of which they had purchased, saying the cider was only a little better than water and to send their agent out to inspect it. The agent came and paid them back their purchase money.

Again, some of you are profane, and I can tell you why some of you swear. People promise to pay, and when the first days of the month come, the money does not come. I know one man in this city who makes the air fairly blue with smoke because the people won't pay up, and the next month he trusts them over again and, when the time comes, he swears again.

I should think you would see the uselessness of that bad habit as well as the sinfulness of it.

Again, a good many of you keep open on the Sabbath. Some of you say "This is my best day." You not only work yourself, but you compel your clerks to work. Only think of it! The work is hard enough and the hours long enough at best. In summer, on Saturday, for instance, the clerk goes to the store at 5:30 in the morning and works until 11 at night. What do you think of that greedy soul who asks him to come back on Sabbath?

A member of the Catholic church in the grocery trade, and by the way, one of your most prosperous men, said to me, that when he first began here, he kept open on Sabbath but six months of Sabbath-breaking was enough for him. My advice is, let the sinners pound away on your doors; you keep God's day. If you fail, fail an honest man and a sincere Christian.

In the second place, I speak of the sins of the customers; they are not thoughtful and considerate of man and beast.

Business in this line is done largely with pass books. Do you know that one firm, whose accounts are written on fifty pass books, only has five books brought regularly to their store? Forty-five careless families are doing business with that one house. Take this point to prove my position. These grocers take orders and deliver goods at South Omaha, and as far as the deaf and dumb institute. If you would only take in your orders early, how much you could save man and horse. Instead of that, some of you go with your orders at an hour when the men should be at their homes. If some of these poor, tired, clerks were preaching to-night they could tell some facts that would prove this point.

One grocer was asked the other day to take a customer two miles distant from his store. The family consisted of two persons and he was expected to attend to their wants daily. This same man is asked to do all sorts of favors for his customers. The other day he was asked to deliver a sewing-machine. He sent two of

his men to do the work. They broke the machine and the owner made the grocer pay for the privilege of doing him that favor. He told his men that they would go out of the sewing machine business.

The clerks in one of the stores said to a certain woman: "Isn't she a perfect lady? She treats the clerks as well as she does the proprietor.

Let us carry home the small parcels and by every means make it more easy for over-worked men to live. If the christain people would, they could save the grocer well nigh one-half of his labor.

Again, the customer tells a lie to his grocer. Instead of paying up as he promised, large unpaid balances are against him. Some are "being carried" for \$200. One merchant says: "In the past ten years I have lost \$10,000 from these unpaid balances. They are the curse of the trade." The grocer has to pay cash for all his produce, and in thirty days he must meet most of his other bills. He pays interest but he does not get interest from you.

A good many of us have been asking, in this revival season, how we may have the Holy Ghost with us in power. He will dwell with us when we do right.

Again, some of you steal from the grocer. Did you ever know that the merchant must display a certain class of goods in order to sell them? And did you ever think that the loss on this class of goods, in stock, is two per cent., just from "pickings?" Let us quit this so-called respectable pilfering.

Then some of you steal in another way. You owe the merchant for your living for two months. Then you go to another store, or move to another state. And this is true, the people who do this are very extravagant in their buying. The people who don't pay live on the fat of the land. Stay by the man who accommodates you and pay him every dollar.

In conclusion I am told that professed Christians are no better than sinners in these things. But the real Christian is a reliable, square man every time.

Let us have a revival of the commandments, and then a revival of Holy Ghost religion will follow.



Mercy for Magdalenes.

JOHN viii, 11: And Jesus said unto her: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

My subject this evening is "Lost Women." It is very possible that some people in this congregation will be shocked before this sermon closes. But I give you fair warning that I shall talk plainly, and if you cannot stand plain talk you had better withdraw now. I must confess that during my residence in this city I have seen so many of the awful results of the social evil that I think it is high time we lay aside a false modesty and speak out against it. Even within the past week I have been called to pray at the death bed of those lost girls and have seen a broken hearted old mother weep over the awful ruin of her child. And I know that the tragedy has been repeated scores and hundreds of times in our own city.

There were such women in the bible times. Read the seventh of Proverbs and you will see how accurately God has taken her picture. "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding, passing through the streets near her corner and he went the way of her house in the twilight, in the evening, in the black

and dark night. And behold there met him a women with the attire of a harlot. She caught him and kissed him and said unto him, 'I came forth to meet thee, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry; I have perfumed my bed with myrrh. Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning.' He goeth after her straightway as an ox goeth to the slaughter, as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life."

A lost woman was brought into the presence of Jesus. The Pharisees wanted her condemned and stoned to death. Jesus said, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her." And the old hypocrits went out one by one and Jesus stood alone with the woman. The God man asked, "Hath no man condemned thee?" She said, "No man Lord." Then Jesus uttered the words of our text, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

There are hundreds of lost women in our own city today. Ring the door bell of this fine house, a black servant admits you, soft carpets are under your feet, elegant furniture invites you to rest. You hear soft music produced by skillful fingers; you say this is the home of wealth and luxury. I answer, rather this is one of the first homes of the lost woman. She has an intelligent face, talks well on books, travel and current topics, is yet a lady in speech and action and could teach some Christian women manners. She tells you she has never "boarded" before. But she is in the house of death and we make the prophesy that before ten years have gone by the light of life will have gone out forever.

You go further down the street and enter another place. The lamps burn dimly, the ceilings are low, poor carpets cover the floors. The dress of the inmates is cheap but flashy. Girls dance, and sing the worst songs you ever heard; they smoke and swear, and rising from your seat you say, "Where am I; in hell?" No, this is one of the last homes to which the fallen woman comes. From here she walks the streets; next she walks into hell. When a woman once falls under the grip of the devil no man can equal her in shamelessness and wickedness.

No wonder you ask the question, "Why is this?" In my judgment there are many causes.

From little girls many are taught wrong ideas of work. They are brought up in idleness. The mothers think the daughters must have white hands, even at the expense of black and scarred souls. They are permitted even to be ashamed of work. If they wash dishes in a kitchen they want it kept a secret, and if they keep books for some reliable firm they say, "I'm keeping books for a few weeks this vacation, but pray don't mention it." Can you not see the result? These girls go out into the world without money—poor, but ashamed of honest work. All honor to the girl of to-day who says: "I will make an honest living if I die in the attempt."

The love of fine dress is another cause. A lost woman in this city, once said: "I do not like the rustle of silk;

it was the first note in my downfall." You will see this showy dress in the lowest houses in this wicked city. Far better wear the calico and be pure, than the silk gotten by iniquity. It is not the dress but the heart our God looks for.

Again, our children are brought up to see this evil, and they see the rosy side only of this bad life. They see the women wearing faultless clothing, living in houses of luxury, surrounded with every elegance of life, and these poor children say, "How happy!" They do not see the dark side, when the rich garments are exchanged for rags and the handsome apartments must be given up for the hovel. They do not see the once gay girl, within ten years, die of drink, or morphine, or a dagger, or a revolver, and by her own hand. Children learn from what they see and hear.

Another cause is the wickedness of the human heart when it is not saved and kept by Divine grace. One has truthfully said, "There is tinder enough in the heart of the best man in the world to burn to the lowest hell, if God should not quench the sparks as they fall;" and what is true of man is true of woman.

I know of a family in this city who are well-to-do people. The parents supply the wants of the children most bountifully, and are very kind to them. But one of the daughters has gone astray. Even when a young girl this poor child said, "I would like to lead the life of a sporting woman." To-day she is in a house of shame. The human heart, unsaved by Jesus Christ, is full of all manner of evil beasts.

The crowning cause of all is man's awful perfidy.

Men call it "sowing wild oats." I call it "sowing hell." God made man to be woman's defense, and every one of them ought to be a Sir Knight to her; but, alas! he is too often the viper that stings her to death. The animals who call themselves men, deceive and ruin, abuse and forsake her at will.

In Nebraska City, a few months ago, a beautiful German girl was seen among a company of common emigrants. It was the old story. She met and loved a dashing officer in the Russian army, and fell a victim to her folly. Her parents sent her from home, and her lover sent her to this country to hide her shame, promising to follow and make her his wife. She has waited for him six months, but in vain.

All about us are men who have the appearance of respectability, yet who lead women into the paths of sin. There are physicians in this city who have taken advantage of their noble profession to beguile innocent girls to ruin. In this same city some men who plead at the bar have so far forgotten themselves, and the lofty principles they advocate, as to stand as the tempters, instead of the protectors, of women. I am heartily glad that justice is blind, else she would often blush.

Nay, more: some men who attend God's house, who are even the professed standard-bearers of the cross, are guilty of this direful sin. If Christ were to speak, he would truly call you "whited sepulchers" and the world would say "amen."

In this city, several years ago, a lady was returning from the old Lutheran church. She saw a poor, degraded woman sitting in her door, and offered her a paper. The woman received it and told a page of her history. She came here a poor but good girl; she worked very hard as a servant. One day a man came to her and promised to take her to a place where she would not need to work so hard. You know the conclusion, for her ruin was soon accomplished.

"Now look at me," she said; and surely a loathsome, nameless, disease told her story all too well. "Save the many girls who go to ruin in this city every week, but let me alone. I cannot be much worse than I am."

That very man is to-day one of the great, rich men of our city. You have often seen him and spoken to him. He is a moral leper, and has been the death of scores of girls at your very doors.

Then, how do these men treat the girls they have led to ruin—often cast off and spurned as very dogs. Sometimes, indeed, they are more generous, paying for good nursing when the little new life comes into the world. But soon "business" calls them elsewhere, and he leaves the city to seek other victims. The poor, forsaken one takes her child, and with the world's hiss in her ears goes out to fight the battle of life alone.

The man of to-day must not forget that there will be a judgment—when men's hearts and lives will be open to the world, and such treachery will be known by men and angels, even as God knows it now. And with shame

and remorse will they try to hide their guilty souls in hell.

The true, thoughtful man and woman will ask: "Is there any help for these women." It is no light task to lead the erring back to the path of rectitude. She has lost her heart and hope and faith—she has lost all.

But some do reform. I know of more than one good wife in this city who was once a lost woman. And when such a one does learn to do well she is the very best—her awful experience makes her careful, and the great fountains of her sympathy well up in her heart for her wretched sisters, and she is a tremendous power for right and for God.

At the present, the Sisters of Charity are doing more than all other Christians combined for these lost souls. Why should we not try to save them?

Begin now. Make your homes the best and purest possible. Independence, honest self-support, honest productive industry is the thing for women as well as for men.

Brand the sleek old tigers, who ruin women, with infamy. Visit the man who supports the house of ill fame with the same social ostracism that you heap upon the woman. Let him be subject to the same laws and fines and treatment that she is—he is her partner in sin. Let him stand so before the world.

"Man must learn to hold the strongest forces of his nature for the service of love and life; he must learn to use his tremendous power over the woman, not to degrade, but to crown her with spotless wifehood and motherhood."

Give these women sympathy and inspire them with hope.

Our dear Lord had this love and sympathy for the tearful repentant one who came to him. Hear his gracious words: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." No harshness nor long sermons from Jesus.

Dr. James Ludlow tells the story lately of a Christian merchant who detected a trusted clerk in a theft, and who resolved upon his reclaimation. The good man entered so acutely into the agony and remorse of the criminal that he prayed "God forgive us. Oh, Christ, who died to save that which was lost, save us!"

Is it any wonder the clerk was redeemed? The strength of our sympathy is ever the measure of our power to save.

Do women of Christ's church sympathize with the fallen? 'Tis the mercy of God that has shielded you from sin, and Divine grace that has kept you from falling.

Surely we should have love and sympathy. The greater the purity of our characters the more acute will be our yearning sympathy with the unfortunate erring ones. It was Jesus who entered most completely into the shame of the Magdalene.

Point the lost souls to a Savior who saves to the uttermost. These women believe in Christ and ofttimes can be led to Him by a wise but kind heart.

Two lost girls came to a lady in this city and begged her to go and see a dying man. When they reached the house, they said to her, "Ask him if he wants to get well?" "Ask him if he wants to go to heaven?" and "Can you baptize him?" The visitor turned and asked the company gathered in the presence of death to sing. "Sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul," said she. "No;" was the answer. "We sang that once, but we're not good enough to sing it now." They kneeled with her in prayer and joined in her petitions with "God have mercy on us!" Our Lord's precious life was given for these souls.

I would say in conclusion to these women if I could: Leave your life of sin. Many of you have told us that you are not happy. Why should you be wretched through all eternity?

Christ will receive you and God will help you if you will but forsake your sins.

"There's no place where human sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven.
There's no place where human failures
Have such kindly notice given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

And to us all, God says: "Let him know that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

Clothiers.

E find our text this evening in Ezekiel, xxvii, 24: "These were thy merchants in all sorts of things, in blue clothes and broidered work, and in chests of rich apparel." I have been asked to preach this sermon to the "Omaha Clothing Salesmen's Association." I cheerfully respond to this request. It is right in the line of my work. There are 69,000 ministers in this country, and if they would all speak out, the effect would be tremendous. Thomas H. Benton, the great American statesman, was asked the secret of his success. He replied. "The secret of my success is ding, dong." The iron rod is cut in two by the repeated strokes of the hammer on the cold chisel. "Keep a hammering." is the watchword of a great preacher. There is neither town nor heart so hard that the great gospel hammer cannot break it into a thousand pieces if you will only keep up the licks. May every preacher, great and small, of the 69,000 spring into line and begin to strike. First, I have a word to say about your business. It is very old and a very respectable work. God went into the ladies and gent's clothing business a great many years ago in the Garden of Eden. He is in it yet and it is my

opinion that he will never go out of it. He saw to the clothing of the two and a half millions of Jews during their forty years march through the wilderness to the promised land. Deut. 29:5. When a man does wickedly God clothes him in sackcloth, but when he does right he dresses him in the best. Daniel's garb was scarlet with a gold chain about his neck. See Luke 8:35. Jesus restores reason to the demoniac and clothes him, and our heavenly dress he tells us in revelation, shall be white.

It is a paying business. The Hebrews, as a race, have gotten rich selling clothing. In our own country many fortunes are made in this way. Secondly, I like the purpose of your association. Your object is not that you may go out in strikes and lockouts at every fancied wrong—you have no such thought. You have bound yourselves together for physical and spiritual good. During the very hot and very cold weather you ask that the stores may be closed at half past six except on Saturday. You ask this for the months of July, August, January and February. In my judgment your request is a just one. You can educate trade, and for your own good you ought to do it.

But the great purpose of this association is to "secure one day of rest every week the year around." I am glad of this move and I wish you, from the bottom of my heart, success, and for the following reasons:

The Sabbath day will be to you a rest and recreation. If you were mules instead of men I would speak in favor of your securing this day of rest. "We are seven day

clocks and we must be wound up once a week or we will run down into the grave." Last Sabbath was the first day's rest many of you have had for years. The president of your association said to me: "I shall not soon forget how pleasant and restful last Sunday was to me." You need this rest and you have a right to demand it.

Again, when you have this day you will have time for the purest and highest enjoyments. Many of you are heads of families; all through the week you have hurriedly left them in the morning and returned to them weary at night. How precious to you is the Sabbath at home with your loved ones.

It will give you opportunity for the best reading—do not let your minds starve. And you can also attend divine worship, and some of you have said you would do so. I would be glad to see every clerk in this city unite with your association and work for this commendable object. I will now say a word to the employers. Your request must seem resonable to everyone of them. The following well known firms have signified their willingness to close on Sabbath until September 1: New York and Omaha Clothing company, Cahn Brothers, Nebraska Clothing company, M. Hellman and company, Misfit Clothing Parlors, Robinson & Garmon, A. Polack, R. Rassmussen, Andrews Brothers.

L. O. Jones and Davis Brothers being good Methodists have never kept their stores open on the Sabbath. I hope that the names of all the clothing merchants may be added to this list—that you will not only keep closed on the Sabbath till September 1 but until the Judgment.

I certainly hope that you will grant the request of these men, for it is in harmony with the principles of our holy religion. How much the world of trade owes to these principles! A single missionary in the South Sea islands is worth to the commerce of England \$10,000 a year. It took some money to introduce the Christian religion into the Sandwich islands, but now we get back \$5,000,000 a year from these same islands in commerce. Your whole trade is due to the fact that men are Christian and not heathen. Surely you ought not to oppose the institutions which have made you all you are.

The princes in your business have been men who have obeyed God. Samuel Budget, of England, started in trade very poor. He was strictly honest. He died immensely wealthy and universally respected and honored. A. T. Stewart made a fine success. He had business principles which insure success, and one of those principles was to keep his store closed on the Sabbath. John Wanamaker began as a poor man—he had only one room and one clerk. Looking at his prosperity you can see that these rules were made prominent: "All goods marked in plain figures." "Goods returned will be received without a question and money refunded." "We will keep the Sabbath." Now he has the largest retail store in the United States. He is very rich and his credit is almost without limit. He is a Christian and has the largest Sunday school in Philadelphia. A London banker says: "I came to London thirty years ago and have had a great deal of observation, and I have noticed that the bankers who went to their places of business on the Sabbath, and attended to affairs, and settled up accounts, failed, and without an exception." A Boston merchant says: "I have observed a long while, and I have noticed when out on the Long wharf, merchants kept their men busy loading vessels on Sunday, and at work from morning till night on the sacred day—I noticed all those merchants came to nothing and their children came to nothing." "Gentlemen," said a merchant, although a man of the world, "Gentlemen, it dosen't pay to work on Sunday."

Again, the wise employer keeps the highest welfare of his employe in mind; when you do this you only work for your own best interests. You cannot work a man three hundred and sixty five days in a year without loss to yourself as well as to him.

A prominent merchant in New York said, "I should long ago have been in the insane asylum but for the observance of the Sabbath." The engineer says: "We have to let the locomotive stop and cool off or the machinery would very soon break down." The manufacturers of salt say, "It is most profitable to let the kettles cool one day in seven." All this simply means that thoughtful men and even dead machinery need the Sabbath rest.

You have the power to take away the Sabbath of the workingman, but you have no right to do so. You have no rights except those which the Lord God Almighty gave to you.

I ask you to-day, what reply will you make to God

when he tells you that you took the Sabbath from your clerks and gave them nothing in return for it? Beware; God calls things by their right names. And above all when you take the Sabbath from these men you set yourself in opposition to God himself. He says: "Verily my Sabbaths ye shall keep." But I need not speak at length under this head, for four-fifths of the men in the clothing business are Israelites and know well what God says about the Sabbath.

In conclusion, gentlemen of this association, I would say, your object is a noble one. May you have the blessing of God is my prayer. You have already done well but do not stop until every clerk is working with you. By your words and petitions you have secured the Sabbath rest for a time; now make a strong plea for a continuance of the Sabbath rest. Call to your aid every power that will help you. Above all, ask God's help and blessing. Having secured this day, be careful how you spend it. Spend it with your wives and children who have been deprived of your company for the six days. On this day ask yourselves the most searching questions: Am I the kind of man God would have me be? How have I spent the past week? Am I the slave of any debasing habit? Am I getting ready for a life which is to last forever? On this day, read the best book in the world; and kneel down and pray to the kindest Father in the universe.

A Warning to Young Men.

Subject to-night is "Bad Company," and you will find my text in I Cor. xv, 33: "Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners." To-night there are thousands of young men and women in the city who are chosing their companions. I confess to you that I do not wonder that parents and loved ones in the far away homes are anxious for you. When an acquaintance of your family comes to this city, your dear mother says, "Call upon my daughter," or "Be sure to see my son and influence him for good."

One year ago last Fourth of July I was driving my carriage, at night, through some of our principal streets. Fire works were going off on every side. I stopped at the head of these streets and looked down, but I saw at once that by whatever road I reached home I must drive through fire. The young men before me to-night are walking daily along the streets where the fiercest fires are raging. Last night I dreamed a dream that awoke me. I saw a man standing on the side of a mountain, and as I looked, the piece of earth on which he stood gave way and he fell, crushed to death. More than once I have seen that dream come true in real life, and the ruin came not only to body, but to body and soul.

This text takes it for granted that we can tell bad company from good, and warns us not to be deceived. I believe in the power of intuition, especially in the case of our sisters. You can read the heart by the face and you need not be deceived. Moreover, we can all tell by the effect our companions have upon us whether they be good or evil. The good elevates, but the bad degrades. The bad fills the mind with evil thoughts, and causes you to break away from the teachings of godly parents. The bad leads you, little by little, into the haunts of vice, and the road downward is all the more pleasant, because, the first steps of the sinner are in paths where flowers bloom with the thorns well concealed. The devil puts the best first and later on applies the scorpion sting. Not so with our Father. He leads His children up a way that grows brighter and brighter till they reach the perfect day.

Let me show you by example from real life how men get into bad company. Men do not go to the devil alone. One sheep gets the scab, and he gives it to many others in the flock. In considering this subject, it does seem to me that the devil has the best friends. His crowd works the hardest. He has the sweetest and most lively music, the softest carpets, the brightest and most cheerful rooms, the jolliest company. A father and mother may be bad company for their child. What an awful thought! We cannot honor our parents unless they are worthy of honor. I know a man in this city whose mother gave him his first glass of liquor when he was

seven years old. His father looked on an smiled as much as to say," He has started right." At ten years of age this same boy was taught to gamble by his father. But we thank God there are not many such cases. In most instances parents want their children to be good even though they themselves have fallen to

great depths.

Mr. C. E. Mayne, of our city, says he will give the land, and a certain sum each month, to establish a home for poor, homeless boys. I sincerely hope that his offer may be accepted; that many of the little waifs may be furnished a home and be rescued from the fierce fires of temptation which surround them. If we could only keep the little children out of the paths of sin, what a work we would accomplish! Victor Hugo has most truthfully said: "All the crimes known to men spring from the vagrancy of childhood." I knew a young man, in one of our principal churches, a short time ago, who had been well taught. He was more than commonly fine looking. Step by step he went down. At first he listened to impure stories, soon he chose the company of the impure. A little later on his friends were astonished that he, of all others, should fall. He still tried to keep up a show of respectability, but at night he would leave his room for the companionship of the vilest, and just before daybreak he would sneak back to his home, his guilty soul covered with filth. In another of our churches, to-night, there is a young man whose name is on the record of the earthly church, but it is

not upon the record above, for he has chosen bad company. Let me tell you this, young men: You may deceive men, but you cannot fool God. You may claim to be a sheep on earth, but if you are a goat you will be found among the goats at last. I have another example: A young man came to this city one year ago. He left his wife and children in the east. He fell into bad company. He earned money, but spent it freely. The other day he woke up to the fact that bad company had well nigh been his ruin. To-day he is making desperate efforts to reform. Here is an instance that has many a parallel in our midst: A young man starts out in society. He aspires to keep the company of men above him in wealth and social position, but these men are old in the ways of sin. The result is moral wreck and ruin. I will tell you how I measure men. I measure them by what they have written on their shield and sword. I want the word "character" written on the shield and "ability" on the sword.

Eternity alone will reveal the souls that have been ruined by bad company. Do you ask me the results? I can not enumerate them or tell you how fearful they are. If you keep bad company you will be classed with it. A man comes to be no better than the company he keeps. The stork which was caught in the net was treated just as the cranes were, which were destroying the crop. Again, what you learn in bad company will be a lasting pang to you. John B. Gough said, "I would give my right hand to-night if I could forget that

which I have learned in evil society." Bad company will ruin your business prospects. It will overcome the holy teachings you received in childhood. It will kill the purest and most sacred religious emotions and impressions, and will ultimately be your eternal ruin.

In conclusion let me counsel you to shun the company which drags you down. It is better and safer to ride alone than to have a thief's company. Break away from bad men. Stop while you have the power to stop, for the day will come when you will be bound hand and foot. You say: "Can't I have my dear friends?" He is not a dear friend who stabs your soul. Pick up your hat and with an earnest prayer walk away from the bad to the company of the good. Hitch yourself to Christ, for he is the strongest power in the universe. Then stay in the company of God's people, give yourself fully to God and hour by hour ask him to keep you. And if you do He will keep you. He would rather let go all the stars than let go of one earnest, seeking, clinging soul.



The Barbers.

EZEKIEL v, 1: "And thou, son of man, take thee a barber's razor and cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard."

I address this sermon to the barbers of Omaha.

I have been looking up the past history of your profession. The word barber is from the Latin "barba" meaning the beard. It comes to mean one who shaves others and cuts their hair. 600 B. C. the prophet Ezekiel speaks of the barber's razor. Among the ancient Israelites the removal of the beard, by shaving or plucking it out, was a sign of mourning. The practice of shaving the head was common among the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. In China and other Oriental countries barbers shave all or part of the head.

In former times the barber served the public in the capacity of surgeon and performed the operation of bleeding. The spiral red stripe seen on the barber's pole is said to symbolize the winding of a ribbon round the arm previous to letting blood.

In London in 1461 the barbers founded "a corporation with certain privileges." They united with the surgeons during the reign of Henry VIII. The connection was dissolved in the reign of George II.

In recent years even the surgeons of the Swedish navy were also the crew's barbers.

I find that in modern times the tonsorial art has reached a high degree of perfection.

The United States has many shops with the very finest appointments, presided over by men well trained and skillful in their work.

The barber shops were once rude affairs, but now they are transformed into palaces of beauty and elegance.

Mr. Fred Eton owns a most handsome shop connected with the Palmer house, Chicago. The room is finished with white marble. Large and beautiful pier glasses adorn the walls and the ceiling itself is one immense mirror. The floor is composed of marble tiling inlaid with silver dollars.

The shop at the Grand Pacific in the same city is also remarkably fine. The shop in the West house in Minneapolis is considered the finest this side of Chicago. This room is decorated with marble of many hues.

The Lindel house in St. Louis has a fine shop, the barbers of this shop all being colored men.

The Southern hotel in the same city has also a palatial shop, and we are told that the shop in the Palace hotel, San Francisco, is grand, and the prices are such as to suit the most aristocratic, being twenty-five cents for shaving and half a dollar for hair cutting.

I am told that there are about three hundred barbers in this city and more are constantly coming, and Omaha is the best paying city for this class of workmen in the United States. Our best shops pay from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week, while in New York the barber who works by the week gets from twelve to thirteen dollars, and in Chicago, sixteen dollars is the highest price paid. In Chicago, where a man works on per centage, he gets from forty to forty-five cents on the dollar, whereas here he has sixty per cent.

The past week I have met many of the barbers of this city and have talked with them personally. I find them to be a very gentlemanly, well-dressed, happy set of men—men who have plenty at present and who borrow no trouble for the future.

But I tell you plainly, many of you are great sinners. I take it for granted that you want me to tell you of your sins. You would have no respect for me nor the high office I have been called to fill if I told you that you were a company of saints. You know better.

I find that most men agree with Webster when he said, "When I go to church I want a man to drive me into the end of the pew and make me feel that I must quit fighting God sometime."

I find that the barbers of this city fall into the sins to which our poor humanity are subjected everywhere; and then they have some special temptations. The great sin that you are guilty of is "Sabbath breaking." This, in your case is the fruitful mother of many other evils. When a man breaks the fourth commandment, as a rule, he breaks others with it.

The reason why you work on the Sabbath is, as I understand it, you are afraid you will lose your customers.

It is the old question of the almighty dollar, and a fear to trust God. I do not believe the Sunday work in the barber shop is a necessity. In the states of Tennessee and Maryland it is not practiced, nor is it in many of the cities east of Cincinnati. The east and south do not find it a necessity; why should the west?

Some tell us that six hundred traveling men make their headquarters here in this city, and it is for their accommodation that you keep open on Sabbath. But I answer that three hundred barbers can shave and take care of six hundred traveling men on Saturday night. This is done in other cities and could be done here.

Again, this Sabbath work makes the barber little better than a slave. He has no day of rest. During the week you go to work at seven in the morning and work until nine at night. On Sabbath you begin at seven and work until noon, and proprietors of shops do not get away from their places of business until two or three o'clock Sunday afternoon, and that after having worked until midnight on Saturday.

We are told that in some shops in this city the men are given a day of rest every two weeks, but this is by no means general. Many a barber in this city knows no day of rest.

Some of you ran from the task masters of the south. I would like to see you forsake the service of the Great Slave Master.

Nor do I believe that the keeping of Sabbath would ruin your trade. The devil will tell you that if you don't serve him seven days in the week that you will fail in business; but he is the father of lies.

But the great reason why you should not work on the Sabbath is because God forbids it. Exodus xx, 10. "Thou shalt not do any work." The barber who works on the Sabbath breaks both the laws of God, and the laws of the state. He is, then, a law breaker.

How I would like to see you take a stand for the Sabbath. Rise up in a body and ask the mayor to enforce the Sunday law in your profession, and if this is not done, stand on the promise of God, and keep His day holy.

I have not met a barber in this city who believes it is right to work on God's day. Live up to your convictions of duty and God will bless you.

I am not surprised to find, that having broken the fourth commandment, other sins follow in the wake of Sabbath breaking. As a class of men you are not found in God's house. You believe in the church, in God, and in His worship. You even urge your families to attend divine service, but you yourself are seldom found there. Let me urge upon you the necessity of church going. Let me give you a cordial invitation to the house of God, and thus put yourself in the way of the divine blessing.

The papers found in your shops are not always the best. You keep the Police Gazette and the Illustrated Police News on your tables. Through these papers you fill the minds of boys and young men with all kinds of

evil. You would not have a poisonous serpent on your tables lest it should bite your customers; no more should you have the seeds of evil and death in the shape of bad reading. Rather lay a bible and the best and purest papers you can get where your customers will find them.

Men gathered at the shop of Licinius in Rome, to be inspired with high and noble thoughts. Follow the example of this noble man.

You do not save your money. You get \$60 or \$70 a month, yet you remain poor. Many of you spend your money even before you have it. If you go on this way you must die poor. Why not look ahead to the day when the palsy will strike your arm and you can hold the razor no longer; when old Father Time has turned your black hair white? Ah! then you will sigh for the dollars you are now throwing away. If you have no money when you die they will say: "Bury that poor old barber in the potter's field; it's good enough for him."

Again, many of your number fall victims to strong drink. You drink liquor that will make you break open your own trunk. It is drink that takes your money and muddles your brain, and makes your hand unsteady, and, worse than all else, will ruin your immortal souls.

Break off from strong drink.

You, also, go with her who is described in the seventh chapter of Proverbs. Will you not read that description? Many strong men have been slain by her; her house is the way to hell; going down to the chambers of death. Are some of you not in that road?

God asks you to break off your sins by righteousness. Christ Jesus, our Lord, will cleanse your hearts and will walk with you, and keep you, in the hour of temptation.

God says: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow." Do right. Make a straight line for heaven and God will help you. I would inspire you if I could with the highest and holiest motives.

Licinius, the gifted Roman orator, was a barber. A man should adorn his profession. May you be truly good and noble.

Be sure of this—if you do as God would have you all will be well. Your lives will be both fortunate and happy; but if you disobey and dishonor Him you must suffer present and eternal loss; for God says in Isaiah vii, 20, "that He will take the razor in his own hand and shave with it."

God's judgments are razors. May you so live that His judgments may not fall upon you.



The Tobacco Nabit.

UR text to-night is found in II Cor. vii, 1: "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit."

There are many before me to-night who are addicted to the use of the weed and I aim my guns right at you.

The preacher's business is to strike at living, present issues. I do not hold the opinion that the old Baptist deacon did, of whom I have heard. The deacon invited the young preacher home to tea. At the close of the meal the host pushed his chair back and told the preacher he hoped, as he was just entering on the work, that he would be very discreet. "A want of discretion," said he, "was the fault of our last preacher, but he did not stay long. I hope you will be careful in your choice of subjects for sermons. I advise you not to preach on Sunday driving, for our people keep good rigs and indulge in that sort of recreation. And, don't preach against card playing, for when our young people get together, they take a social game; but above all else, don't cry down the liquor business, for some of our heaviest contributors either sell or drink liquor." "Well," said, the preacher, "what shall I preach?" The deacon replied, "Give it to the Jews, there are none of them in town."

But I like to aim right at you and see you twist and wriggle around in these seats. If you have a filthy or sinful habit, and I hear of it, I shall tell you of it. That is what you pay me for, and you must not growl if I do my duty. And I give you the same privelege. It is your duty to tell your preacher what is wrong in him, and if the preacher is a man and a Christian, he will turn his back on his sins and get right before God.

In our country hundreds and thousands use tobacco. They dip, or chew, or smoke. Old men, with bent forms and snow-white hair are slaves to the habit. Men in their prime and proud of their sense, will "indulge." Little boys of eight and ten years think it is a manly thing to be found smoking. The young man knocking at the door of society, has his hair and his watch chain parted in the middle and the inevitable cigar in his pocket. And what is most wonderful, professed Christians use it. One of our members met a brother member, the other day, and said to him, "Are you a member of our church?" "Yes, I am," he replied, and accompanied the words by the ejectment of a great mouthful of tobacco juice. Class leaders in the Methodist church use it. They tell us to "get around during the week and live right, and give a clear, clean testimony for God," and when they go out of the church door they light a cigar or take a bite off of the plug. I have

heard of a preacher who had a spittoon in the pulpit, and he would throw the quid he had been chewing in it, and read out of the Bible for the morning lesson, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God;" or, he would read our text, "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh, perfecting holiness in the sight of God." And some square, sensible sinner, sitting in the pew, will say in his heart, "Old fellow, you don't mean that; you are only giving us wind."

I have tried to find out why men acquire this habit. A preacher whom I know says he smokes for corns and chews so that he can spit yellow. Many use the weed because they have learned the habit when young, having been taught the art by bad boys; or they were taught the vile practice by men who lacked both sense and principle. Now the habit has fastened upon them, and they are slaves.

Some use it, so they tell us, for neuralgia, some use it as an antidote for fat, but my judgment is men use it because they like it. They use it for the same reason that men use liquor or opium, or any other harmful drug. They like the soothing effect of the bewitching narcotic.

I am fully convinced that men ought to abstain from the use of tobacco. I have never found a man who would advise me to begin the use of this weed. The best and wisest men speak against the practice.

Again, it is very filthy. It pollutes whatever it touches. The beautiful white snow in winter is stained by the tobacco juice from some loafer's mouth. The

railway coaches on which so much money is expended for cleanliness are often pools of filth. The floor of God's house is often the cuspidore for the men who must chew every precious moment of their lives. When I see home and public conveyance and church polluted, in utter disgust, I say, "Make way for the great American hog!"

It is very expensive. There are two kinds of tobacco—the cheap and the costly.

The cheap kind is composed of a compound of burdock, lampblack, sawdust and a little bad tobacco. If you make any pretensions of being a man you will not smoke that stuff. But the first-rate tobacco is very expensive.

I find many men who are too poor to take a church paper which costs the enormous sum of \$2.00. But they never hesitate to pay out \$15.00 a year for plug tobacco.

I know a fine young man in this city who pays \$10.00 to the church and \$60.00 in the same time for cigars, with this additional difference—he pays cash for the cigars, but the cause of God must wait on him.

A man in the city of New York, thirty years ago, smoked six cigars a day. He made up his mind he would stop and save as much. Thirty years passed by. This money had been placed on compound interest and amounted to \$29,102 with which he bought a handsome country residence.

In our own country we burn up in cigars alone one hundred million dollar every year, and if the money were all we wasted, the loss would not be as appalling as it is.

Moreover, this habit is a powerful tyrant. It has conquered wherever it has gone. The habit sprang up in Yucatan, on this continent, a great many years ago. It crossed the Atlantic and captured Spain. Next it put its brand on Portugal. Then the French minister thought he would do a nice thing and he took it to France, but it enslaved the people. Sir Walter Raleigh took it to London and it captured the English.

When once this weed has seized a man he is in its clutches.

Men sometimes choose tobacco instead of bread. I have lately talked to an old soldier who lay for some time in one of the southern prisons. These prisoners had a pound of corn bread issued them daily. But there were no regular rations of tobacco. Oh, how the boys longed for it! These men would save a small piece of corn bread from their scanty allowance and then exchange these scraps of bread for a twist of tobacco. Again, I charge this vile weed with being the frightful mother of disease. Many are asking to-day: "Does the use of tobacco produce cancerous and other troubles?"

The medical fraternity of the United States and Great Britain affirm that tobacco is one of the great causes of disease. If I take any poisonous drug into my system I must expect to face the result.

Tobacco ruins digestion and produces a genuine case of dyspepsia.

But my strongest point against the tobacco habit is, it is a sin against God. If the position I have taken in this sermon be correct, you can readily see that the habit is sin. God says: "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh." He also says: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?"



Manliness.

"Shew thyself a man." My subject this evening is Christian Manliness. A group of boys were once talking about what they wished to be. One wanted to be a physician, one a lawyer, and one a farmer, but when the last little fellow was asked what he would be, he said, "I want to be a man, sir." That, I hold is the very noblest ambition. Boys are growing into men all about us, and I would they were resolved to be men.

There are false ideas prevalent as to what constitutes true manliness. One or more of the prime virtues, or a certain style of living, is made to stand for true manliness. One says, "Physical strength is the prime factor in the make-up of a man." This idea is very old, but not obsolete even to-day. Picking up a paper last week I read this significant notice: Patsy O'Leary, the Cincinnati feather-weight, to meet Tommy Miller, a local champion, for \$500." Again, within the past few days, in prominent places in the city, I have read a flaming poster something like this: "Monster athletic tournament at the Bass Ball park, Sunday, October 16, commencing promptly at 2 o'clock. Foot races, sack races,

pole vaulting, jumping exhibitions and feats of strength of every description." You see plainly that the idea that "physical strength and skill makes the man" has so taken hold of the people that men now cannot keep God's day sacred—they must meet for all kinds of displays of physical strength on the Holy Sabbath.

For one, I cry out, not only on account of the gross violation of the sacred day, but also against such a low standard of manliness. The finest development of physical manhood may be an absolute stranger to true nobility of character.

Contrast Samson with Alexander H. Stephens and tell me if physical strength is all you demand. I see that sickly cripple from the South walk with one cane, then with two canes, and toward the last of his most useful and brilliant career, I walk behind him as he is wheeled along in his chair, and I see in that poor, diseased, body the spirit of a splendid man flash out. But when I see a man in training for the prize ring eating raw meat, I see a little more of the bulldog in him than man.

Again, there are others who believe that a great intellect is absolutely essential to manliness, but I do not accept this position. Lord Bacon stood on the very pinnacle of scholarship, but I do not believe he would be accepted by any of you as a high type of man. When we read his essays or his "Novum Organum" we say: "What a magnificent mind!" But when we see him led down Tower hill a prisoner for swindling, and when we see him branded as the betrayer of the truest friendship,

we say: "What a poor excuse of a man." He lacks everything but mind to constitute a man.

Then, too, the manner of life, in the view of some, is an important factor. Fast living they think absolutely essential. The young man must drink, smoke, and swear like a man. These, in my judgment, are absolutely false. The young man who drinks, and smokes and swears, does so at the expense of manhood of the highest type. Some of the finest men the world has ever known have lived on the plainest fare. The best orator of the Eighteenth century, we are told, "usually dined on a cow's heel." And when the celebrated Englishman, Andrew Marvel, refused to take the bribe money he only had soup for his dinner.

There are many other false ideas as to what constitutes true manhood, but we pass these by that we may give what we believe is the true idea of Christian manliness: I would, first of all, have the foundation right. I would have the would-be-man apply for a new heart. I would tell him to ask for and get a clean heart. God has these to give away. Godliness is the highest form of manliness. "New Testament sainthood is perfect manliness."

Study Daniel in Babylon and Jesus in Galilee. Daniel's piety was the Corinthian pillar in his character, and I do not at all wonder that Thomas Hughes wrote of the "Manliness of Christ." I despair of the man who does not stand on the solid masonry of righteousness. Daniel could only show himself a man by keeping the statutes and commandments.

Then I would have the man "go on," having started right with God, make out of yourself with divine help all that is possible. The highest type of man is really made up of the three—the physical, mental and spiritual, and these are developed together; if any one is neglected, your man is one-sided. Then, when this three-fold development is carried out, you have a man. You have good principles, honesty, truthfulness, sobriety, honor and loyalty to all that is pure, good and right.

The demand of the hour is for Christian manliness. God wants to see this gem sparkle in the house of clay, and if we do the tithe of what He sent us to do, we must be the rich possessors of genuine manliness. We have come to the kingdom for such a time as this. Our faith lives by conflict, and we should seek to see the face of our foe. We, as Christian men, are on the eve of the greatest victories or the greatest defeats the world has ever seen. The fight for the Christian Sabbath. The battle against Mormonism and the awful hand-to-hand struggle against the rum power, are upon us. The grand deeds of the past ought to inspire present action. God looks every where for Christian manliness. Let Him not be disappointed.



Street Car Privers.

UR text will be found in James, v, 2: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job." The class of men I preach to this evening need new hearts first of all. Then they need patience as the prime Christian grace. If it were possible for you to buy patience by the yard I would advise you to lay in a large supply, but the fact is, God must give you the start and then you can by divine help grow this beautiful plant. One of the oldest employes on the red line told me the other day that he believed if the devil had made Job a street car driver instead of afflicting him with boils, his history might have been different.

I will first point out to you some of the drivers' hardships and trials, and as we go on you will see my purpose in this. He has long hours and must keep at his work through all kinds of weather. You, in slippers and gown, sit by your warm fire in your cozy sitting room, and you congratulate yourself that you do not have to face the fearful storm without. You hear the passing car, but perhaps you do not think of the man who must drive two or three hours after you are asleep. How lightly we bear the ills of others. Christ had a fellow

feeling for the toilers and sufferers about him. The driver's patience is also put to the test by the kicking bronchos he must drive. A broncho is a wild unbroken horse from the west. In our city we work very largely the Oregon horse, but the skill of the driver is taxed to the uttermost before he is broken. However, some of these horses in the street car service have taught me many a lesson. God meant this world to be our school room. There is one horse on the red line that I admire very much. I hope the men slip him an extra ear of corn occasionally. He is black and white, somewhat in color like the regulation show horse, and on this account he is called "Barnum." He is so true and strong and steady that the company keep him for the purpose of breaking bronchos. When a wild horse won't go "Old Barnum" just pulls Mr. Broncho, car, and the whole business right along. You can hitch that horse to anything and he will work in any spot or place. He will pull a straight dead pull forty times if you give him the word. That is the sort of Christians God wants to-day—Christians so true and faithful that they will pull a wild, reckless, soul right along to heaven with them. I am afraid the "broncho breakers" in the church are scarce.

There was also a horse on St. Mary's Avenue hill that I learned a good lesson from. He needed no driver. He would go down the hill and turn around to be hitched to the heavily loaded car. He worked there till he pulled his legs out of shape and his knees knocked together. That horse was worth more to the world than some of the men

he pulled up that hill. I believe in the immortality of such horses.

Again, the street car driver has to deal with many unreasonable people. I should say many cranky people. Some "ladies" (?) stand in their door and shout "car." The driver stops. The "lady" goes back to take another look in the glass or to get something she has forgotten. The driver moves on. The lady dashes out with the car two blocks away; so she reports the driver at the office.

Some of these street car cranks belong to our churches and profess to have religion. In my opinion when they thought they got religion they got something else.

One of the most sensible men in the service told me this instance: A man stood on the sidewalk, but he made no sign to the driver. The driver said, "Do you want the car?" The answer was given in the affirmative. When the man entered he said to the passengers: "That fool driver asked me if I wanted the car and I had been standing in the hot sun for half an hour." The driver opened the door and said, "How should I know you wanted a car, you gave me no sign." The angry passenger replied, "Shut that door and shut your mouth." Though it was against the rules, the driver said, "I would advise you to take Ben Franklin's advice-' Keep your mouth shut and people won't know you are a fool." Isn't it wonderful that some people cannot get on a street car and drop a nickle in the box without getting into a fight? That shows how much the majority of people need religion—they need it bad.

Take another case of pure meanness. A man comes out of a store where there is plenty of change. It is very cold. He pulls off his glove and hands the driver a dime. If the change is not returned in three seconds, he kicks the door and shouts: "Hurry up there, don't you know I'm freezing?" If the driver does not say it aloud, he says in his heart: "I have been here for fourteen hours this bitter day, with my glove off much of the time, dealing with just such old bears as you are." Another man passes his money to the driver and shouts to him to attend to his business, but does not see that the driver is turning his brake to save that carriage vonder driven by a lady. Others wrong him by passing the counterfeit dollar in the dark. I saw one in the hands of one of the drivers the other day. This must come out of the poor boy's pay. Shame on a man who will cheat a hard working street car driver. When the car is crowded the plot thickens. There are a great many people who can't behave themselves in a crowd. There is a man on the back platform who will not pay. He is neatly dressed, but he is "immense," isn't he? He cheats the company out of a nickle.

When questioned by the driver he says he has paid. He is both a thief and a liar. Then there is the everlasting man who must smoke on the car. He knows it is against the rules but he has only smoked twelve cigars since morning and time is precious. I should think the wife and children of such an old tobacco tub would go half way down town to meet him. It is a standing won-

der to me that they don't burst with pride over such an "angel." I will not speak of the "small boy" and his pranks on the driver. I can't do that subject justice. I repeat the text only, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job."

Now we ask, how can the driver be helped? The patrons of the street car could make the driver's position a very pleasant one. Let me give you a point or two. Those who make trouble with the drivers are people who consider themselves very smart, or especially fortunate. As a rule they are "codfish aristocracy." People who suddently find themselves rich, or the recipients of public honors, are often very difficult to manage on a street car. The prodigal son was an sample of this sort of people. If he had ridden on a street car going out from home he would have knocked the driver down several times, or have been knocked down himself. But he would have made no trouble on the trip back. He had the conceit all taken out of him. If you treat people right they will treat you right. Help the driver keep the rules. Don't insist on his breaking them. Get enough religion to take the deviltry and selfishness out of you, and then you can ride in any kind of a rig on God's earth and be happy, but if the devil is in you, you will fight your own grand-mother. Suffer wrong rather than do wrong. Never think of throwing a man out of work because of some slight offered you.

The company could help him. Ten o'clock at night is late enough for any man to work. I have no doubt that

when Jesus comes to dwell in person on this earth that all the cars will be in the barn at ten o'clock and the drivers will be having prayers in their families. And on the Sabbath not a wheel will turn, but the streets will be full of people walking to church, and among them will be the street car driver with his wife and children on the way to the house of the Lord. May God hasten that day. But the drivers' greatest help must come from God. God will help you turn away from your sins, and He will forgive the past and He will bless and strengthen you. Some of these days you will make the last trip on earth. Where will you spend eternity? An old stage driver in the west was dying. He had driven on the mountain roads. He said: "I am on the down grade and I can't reach the brake." I counsel you to be ready for the great journey into eternity.



Tambling.

My subject to-night is "Gambling" and you will find my text in Matthew, xxvii, 35: "They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture

did they cast lots."

Gambling is risking something with the expectation of winning more than you hazard. It is getting something without ever having rendered an equivalent. Ofttimes it comes very nearly being the getting of something for nothing. The instruments of the art are well known; the cards, the cue and balls, the dice, and various other implements. Gambling is carried on in rooms kept and often built especially for that purpose. The house of the lost woman and the gambling house have the most elegant furniture, though I am very glad to say that in this city the public gambling houses have been closed in consequence of a prohibitory law enacted against gambling last winter by the legislature of Nebraska. This law makes gambling a crime, to which a heavy penalty is affixed. It went into effect on the 4th day of last July, and whenever gambling is done now in the city, it must be done secretly. I am glad to hear, too, that "Mayor Roche, of Chicago, has walked into that office and has

driven every gambler out of the city and has reformed the saloons, just as far as the laws of his state will permit him to do." A first-rate mayor, and a first-rate judge, can reform a city, even if the city council is not sanctified. But I am sorry to say that we, as a people, do not stop gambling, when the rooms hitherto used for that purpose are closed. If our people can't gamble one way, they will another. The men who go to see the great leagues play ball, bet on one side or the other. If the gambling element were taken out of the American game to-day it would amount to nothing. Men go to the horse races for the same purpose. I am told that Hiram Woodruff was an honest and humane man, but the horses he trained caused many a dollar to change hands. On the great tracks, to-day, fortunes are made and lost, and as the telegraph has nearly eliminated time and space, men in Omaha bet on base ball in Boston or the horse races at Long Branch. Lotteries, too, are all the rage at the present. We are told that a few years ago a man in Chicago found an unprofitable building on his hands, and he resolved to make all this country help him out of the difficulty. Lottery offices were opened in all the great cities. Philadelphia bought over \$30,000. New York took \$100,000. As the time for the drawing approached, the trains were loaded to their fullest capacity. man who held the ticket, 58,600, drew the opera house. This so-called fortunate man soon died of drunkenness, and the house which had been raffled away, was soon back in the hands of its original owner. This

lottery business has become a curse. Last Monday a prominent man living at Orleans, Neb., in the Republican valley, received word that the ticket he held in a certain lottery entitled him to \$15,000. The result is that hundreds of poor men who cannot afford it will buy tickets, and of course they will never get a cent. Men also gamble in the grain markets. They call it "buying options." Men gamble in churches. You pay five cents for the privilege of fishing with hook and line in the fish pond; you pay twenty-five cents for a chance for the cake with the five dollar gold piece or the ring in it. The principle is the same as if you had taken a ticket in the Louisiana lottery. One evening one of the daughters of General Sherman was trying to induce him to take shares in a chance scheme for a church fair. The general replied: "Why, Rachel, we have gotten along all our lives thus far without gambling; do you think we had better begin now?" Let General Sherman's words be told to the Christians who play "progressive euchre." Boys, as a rule, are not allowed in gambling houses. That is to say this is the rule, but I am sorry to add that it is often broken. Men of all classes gamble—both rich and poor. I have known preachers' sons to be infatuated with the game. A few years ago one of my own church members drew a horse in a lottery and he worked that horse for many a day. We are told that gamblers are very honest men, reliable, men of their word, and that they are liberal. It is to their interest to be so considered, but they are liberal with other, men's money, and are honest when they have

that money, but when luck turns, they will rob you quick enough. If I am ever called to officiate at the funeral of a gambler I shall not call him a fine fellow—he is a robber for he takes what he never earned.

If you ask me why men gamble, I would say that they do it for various reasons. The church member in a social company plays "progressive euchre" for pleasure and to get the gift or stake that is offered. Some men gamble for the pleasure and facination there is in it. "Life," you know, "is such a humdrum affair" that they must have something interesting. But the great majority play because there is a possibility of making large sums of money quickly, and with very little capital. What a force there is in that thought to the mass of men. "Large sums quickly made and with little capital."

Men ask, "Is gambling wrong, and why?" Without question it is wrong. It is death to honest toil. Look at the gambler's hands! They are as white and soft as a woman's. He was born tired. I ask you, how many men in this town who were gamblers before July 4, 1887, are now engaged in honest, legitimate work?

A gambler will no more work than a "progressive euchre" player will pray in public.

Men lose their money by means of gaming. At one time in Italy \$14,000,000 were annually expended by the poorer population in lottery tickets. The most of this money, of course, was lost.

Men not only lose their own money in this way, but that of their employers and even trust funds. When a celebrated bank in this country failed it was found that the officers had expended the embezzled funds in lottery tickets and, of course, lost. A Boston clerk took \$18,000 of his employer's money and spent it in this way. The money lost in gambling in our city would build many a cozy and beautiful cottage and furnish it, too.

This gambling is a destroyer of human life. After a lottery in England there were fifty suicides of those who had held unlucky numbers. At the great gambling centers, suicides are so common that the game is not long delayed—the blood is washed up and everything goes on as before. In the city of Denver, on the evening of November 14, Charles E. Henry, a young gambler nineteen years of age, took the life of a young woman. I cannot explain it to you, but it is a fact that the gambler places a very low estimate on human life. But by gaming, character is lost. Money and physical life are the less valuable, but character is all. The clerk becomes a thief by this fascination and steals from his employer; he goes from bad to worse. I know this to be a fact that men who gamble go in droves to the home of the lost woman.

One vice leads to another, till all that was good and pure is lost. And, you see my point now, the soul itself is the priceless stake that is lost. Do you see the price the gambler pays? The disposition to do honest work, hard earned or inherited money, physical life, character, the immortal soul. You ask for the cure. Let our present law on this vice be enforced and be continued to be enforced. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Let us all content ourselves with safe ways of making a living, and choose enjoyments that have no sting. Let us make what we have. "Pluck is a hero, but luck is a fool." Let us stick to straight, honest lines of business. Let us pay for our churches with the tithes we owe God—'tis not a gift, but a debt due him. And let it not be said of any of us who profess the name of Jesus that we taught one soul this destroying vice. Let no one say: "I was introduced to a game of chance in your parlor, and from that I went on and down till I lost money, character and soul." Shun the very appearance of evil. Ask God for a pure heart.



The Methodists.

OU will find my text in I Peter, ii, 9: "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness unto His marvelous light."

At the beginning of this conference year I have a few words to say of our own church. I find much to admire in the origin, history and characteristics of our people. In 1739 a few persons came to Mr. Wesley in London. They were convicted of sin, and were groaning for redemption. They had one great desire—to flee from the wrath to come. They spent every Thursday evening in prayer and religious conversation. They have been defined as "a company of men having the form and seeking the power of Godliness, united in order to pray together, to receive the word of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they might help each other to work out their salvation." This little company has grown to be a mighty host. In 1880 more than 12,000,000 of persons received religious instruction in Methodist churches. The Methodist church in America now numbers 5,000,000 members, and is growing

more rapidly than ever before. We are now building three churches a day in this country, and we shall raise this year \$1,000,000 for missions from collections only. We cannot but admire the peculiarities of Methodism. We are catholic, yet not Roman. We have bishops, yet no hierarchy. We have sacraments, but reject the doctrine of sacramental grace. We have ordinations without divine right. We are Presbyterian, yet not Calvanistic. We give our ministry a place of command, yet protect our churches against tyranny. We maintain the independence of the local churches, and yet are not Congregationalists. We permit emersion, yet are not Baptists. We baptize children but deny baptismal regeneration. We have a liturgy, and yet encourage the spontaneous expression of prayer and praise. We claim to follow the spirit, and yet are not Quakers. We hold that all may be saved, and yet we are not Universalists. We believe we stand on the doctrine of the bible—if a man is going to stand he must have something to stand on.

Look at some of the great doctrines we get out of the word: "The awful sinfulness of the human heart." "The atonement through Jesus," "Regeneration," "The witness of the spirit," "Heart purity," "Everlasting happiness for the righteous and everlasting punishment for the finally unrepentant."

These doctrines will repel the bourbon, the epicurean, the intellectual bigot and the aristocrat in heart and culture, but they will attract those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. The Catholic spirit of John Wesley should still be ours. He says: "I desire to have a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Christ. We have only one faith, one hope, and one Lord, but are directly engaged in one warfare." He says further, "One circumstance more is quite peculiar to the people called Methodists; that is, the terms upon which any person may be admitted into their society—one condition only is required—a real desire to save their souls." Mr. Wesley wrote this less than three years before he died.

From our very beginning we have been noted for a burning zeal. Methodism is religion in earnest. The true Christian is as full of zeal for Christ as Marshal Mirrah of France was for his country. We are a happy people, too. When the Methodist feels at all, he feels good. Go into an old fashioned love feast and see this demonstrated.

The church has produced a long line of illustrious men. John Wesley, John Fletcher, George Whitfield, Adam Clark, John Nelson, Thomas Walsh, Francis Asbury, Mathew Simpson, and scores of others, known and loved, and honored in every quarter of the globe. We have been wonderfully used of God as a church.

We are now, as to membership, 5,000,000 strong. We have been the church of the common people. God has used this branch to inspire and quicken all the other churches, and if you do not believe it I can give you the facts. We have taken a prominent part in the great

work of Christian education. Methodism was born in Oxford university; and from the beginning has put forth her utmost efforts to foster general education as well as the culture of the academy and of the higher institutions of learning. We have now one hundred such institutions, with property valued at \$8,000,000.

God has used his church in helping the people to a pure literature. Our book concern began a business with a capital of \$600; to-day it nets more than \$1,500,-000. Some curse this company of Christians, but we can say with the sainted Hester Ann Rodgers, "I have reason to bless God through all eternity, that I ever joined the Methodists."

Having now considered our origin and characteristics, we offer some words of counsel. We have been criticised a good deal in this city. One of our own bishops came here a few years ago and said: "Methodism in Omaha, is a stench." But we are doing better of late. We have thirteen Methodist churches, English and foreigners combined, in this city, and we are preaching to full houses, and the Holy Ghost is using the word. I urge all Methodists in this city to come into the church. Get your letters out of your pockets and out of your old trunks, and take a hand now in fighting the devil. Do not wait for the church to get on top of the wave, but come now when we need another hand at the oar. Do not hang around and wait for somebody to speak to you or to call on your wife, but fall into line, and get ready for business. Think of standing off till some one speaks to you, while men are going to hell.

I rather like the spirit of that old woman who, when the boys in blue were marching past her door to battle, picked up her broom and joined them saying, "I will at least show which side I am on."

Then, when once you are in your church home, keep, but do not mend the rules. Don't dance and play cards; don't swear and drink whiskey. I will not diseuss this point—if you want to do these things, don't come into any church—don't lumber up any church record. At the beginning of this new church year let us fall into the old time ways of Methodism. Let us kneel when we pray and when the preacher says, "let all the people sing"—let us stand up and sing. I don't delegate my singing to any choir, and I advise you not to. The Methodists used to sing so that all England heard. In the name of God, have we forgotten how? Have three books in your possession this year—the bible the church hymnal, and the discipline; and take your church paper. Be worth something to the church this year. A good many church members are very like that horse a man once sold. After the sale the farmer who owned him told the purchaser he had only two faults; one was, he was hard to catch, and the other was, he wasn't worth anything when you had caught him.

A good many of you have been Methodists since you came to the town but you haven't done much at it. We have a grand origin and a splendid history, but I tell you, you will have to make your own record. "The pedigree is worthless if the hoss can't trot."

Be loving and peacable this year. Let us have nothing to do this year but to save souls. Methodists have a good deal of fight in them, to the square inch. But the days of controversy are nearly over. Let us point men to Jesus. Bishop Ames used to say that sometimes two very bad devils got into the church—the choir-devil and the church-location devil, and some of us know that there are many more devils than these. Do not let any of them get you this year. Let us pray for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without this we are helpless and can do nothing, but with the spirit's power we can work mightily for God. Oh! what an honor to be used of the Holy Ghost. In conclusion I would say, this is my last year in the Seward street church. God has helped us do good in the past. Let us by divine aid do the best work this year that we have ever done. We ought to do our best. We see the needs of men as we never saw them before. We know ourselves and God, better. Last year we received on an average of four members every Sabbath. God help us to do more this year. Let us pray that the spiritual body may be built up, and that scores of sinners may be brought to God.

For this let us believe and pray and work. Amen.



The Value of a Trade.

CTS, xviii, 3: "For by their occupation they were tent makers." I address this sermon to boys on the value of a trade.

Our American boys of the present are not learning trades. Of the scores of boys whom I know personally, only two are learning trades. Nor are these boys in school either. In many instances they are lounging about stores and offices or they spend the live long day in play.

There are reasons for this state of things. The parents do not see to it that their sons understand some trade or business. In my judgment no greater mistake can be. To permit a boy to go out into the world without putting something in his hand with which to win his way, is, to say the least, extremely cruel. The Jews taught their sons two things, viz, a trade and the Ten Commandments. It passed for a sign of bad bringing up when a father did not teach his son a trade.

Again, the boy himself, in many cases is wholly indifferent to the subject of self-support. He paints the future in golden colors. He has no doubt but that he can make money by a single turn of the wheel of fortune. He will not work even for a short time, for small wages. He wants to begin where his father left off, and he learns when it is too late, that boys do not always know what

is best for them. The result of all this is that our sons are growing up in idleness. They are becoming, in many cases, the slaves of appetite and passion. Either they are going into the already overcrowded professions of law and medicine, or they must submit to do unskilled work for which they receive poor pay. Another outcome is that we are compelled to send to the Old World for trained minds and skillful hands to do our finest work. For many years our manufactories have been sending to Belgium and Holland for workmen. A very estimable lady told me that in 1879 she visited the headquarters of the Harbor and Coast Survey in New York city, and she found that all the skilled draughtsmen, at that time employed, were foreigners—Frenchmen and Germans. The salaries of these men ranged from \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year. The son of the superintendent, then a lad of fourteen years, came in and worked a part of each day, for which he received a handsome compensation. Very many of our best florists are men of foreign birth.

Allow me to state a few reasons why boys should learn a trade. First, because a trade is one of the best safeguards against sin. A boy who has something to do will not be apt to get into trouble, but a healthy boy without employment is much like a pup—sure to be in mischief. Again, a good trade is one of the surest and best means of self-support, and self-support is one of the first things we should attend to. With a trade you can earn good wages and get steady employment. In my own life, I have many times seen the advantage the tradesman has over the day laborer.

When I was nineteen years old I left my father's farm for the University. I spent three years in preparatory studies and four years in the Collegiate course. I only had five dollars to start with and had to earn my own way as best I could. I could only make fifteen cents an hour, while my classmates who knew how to work on wood, or hang paper or, indeed, who had any useful trade could earn twice as much as I could. Then, when vacation came, they picked up their tools, and with ease earned most excellent wages, while I went to the harvest field and sold my muscle to the highest bidder.

Again, it is most honorable to have a trade. Jesus was a carpenter, Paul was a tent-maker—hear his words, "These hands have ministered to my necessities and to them that are with me."

Hugh Miller was a stone mason, Benjamin Franklin was a printer, Elihu Burrett was a blacksmith and Andrew Jackson was a tailor.

I look upon a trade as every whit as honorable as a profession. When shall we come to understand that it is not the business that makes the man, but the man that makes the business. What the man is, not what he does, determines his standing.

Learn a trade—then if you wish to choose a profession afterward, your trade will be a helpful stepping stone to it, or it will be your support if for any reason it is best for you to leave the learned profession.

Work hard at your trade. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Selling Out.

ENESIS, xxv, 33: "And he sold his birthright unto Jacob."

Our subject to-night is "Selling the Birthright."

I will first try to tell you the story of the text as simply and as plainly as I can.

Esau and Jacob were the sons of Isaac and Rebekah. The boys did not get along very well. The first thing that Jacob did when he came into the world was to grab hold of his brother's heel. Esau being the elder had certain rights and privileges which were distinctly his until he sold or gave them away. Jacob was a sharper. His whole life, till his nature was changed, was a tissue of cunning and deception. These principles were instilled into him by his mother, whose regard for truth and righteousness appears to have been very superficial. These twin boys stayed at home with their father and mother until they were more than fifty years old. Boys did not leave home then to make their fortune in the west when they had reached their tenth birthday.

One day Esau came in from the field very faint. He had been working or hunting and was completely exhausted. Jacob had been trying his hand at cooking and

had made same red pottage. Esau asked his brother for some of this food. Jacob said, "I will give you some pottage for your birthright." Esau said, "All right, I am nearly dead with hunger, and I don't know that my birthright will ever do me any good, and you can have it. Now give me something to cat." And so the trade was made then and there. Now I want you to look a moment at the prize which Esau sold and what he realized from it—the consideration, as it would be called to-day.

When he sold his birthright he sold:

His authority and superiority over the rest of the family.

A double portion of the paternal inheritance.

The special benediction of the father.

And the priesthood, previous to its establishment in the family of Aaron.

Now see what he got: A mess of lentiles cooked like beans, making a pottage of a chocolate color. He got a second-rate meal for a most splendid inheritance.

Our opinion is that Esau had no good excuse for making such a trade as that. He was hungry and tired, but he was old enough to know better. You join me in saying that Esau, to say the least, "sold out cheap." Some of you might go so far as to say he was a fool; and while you are saying this, I remark, that men are doing the very same thing to-day—they are selling their birthright. I believe that man was born to fabulous wealth, and though he throws away those riches for nothing, an easy method of getting them back is put within his

grasp, for Isaiah, vii, 3, says, "Ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money."

If you could have a record of the doings of every day of those all about you, you would see that Esau was not dead yet, but was acting his part right along. Let me give you some facts to prove this. A few years ago a promising young lawyer in the state of Michigan was looked upon as a prominent candidate for governor; but he took to strong drink and ere long became a common sot. His wife and children were supported by public charity and he was only tolerated because of what he had been.

See what he sold—his fine appearance, good position, highest hopes, prosperity of his family, his own self-respect and manhood. What did he get? The temporary pleasures of drink, shattered health, ruined character and lost soul.

Thirty years ago in this country a Frenchman took to drinking. A little boy warned him of the evil, but he scorned the child's words. One day this man placed both hands over his stomach and spoke the name of Jesus twice. This was the beginning of the delirium tremens. He recovered. Again he drank. He died shrieking at the devils peering out of the walls at him. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

A gentleman from the central part of the city told me this story of his grandfather: He was one of the soldiers of Napoleon and was worth \$100,000. He suffered himself to get in to the clutches of a bad woman and she drew on him heavily for money. Thus, this once kind hearted man turned into a demon. He was not only untrue to his home, but he drank often and deeply. He obliged his two little girls to work in the barn; and would strike and kick them. He threw his wife down stairs. He took an axe, while intoxicated, and broke the furniture. His family left him, and he died alone and friendless—sold out for a mess of pottage.

These awful tragedies are happening all around us. Take one instance, which had its beginning in our own state. Harry King worked for Bowman at Chadron. Bowman sent King to Kansas to do a piece of work. Bowman alienated the affections of King's wife. After two years had passed, and only a few weeks ago, these men met at Douglas, Wyo. King told Bowman what he had done and shot him dead. Was that not another case of selling his birthright? Some may say, "I think such things ought not to be told here." If I stand within these walls and do not warn the people, I am guilty of their blood.

There are thousands of these cases all about us; men selling out the grandest opportunities of earth and heaven for what turns to ashes in their mouths.

You ask, "How can I help it?" "Do not do it," I reply. Don't trade. When Jacob comes up and asks you to trade your inheirtance for a mess of pottage, say no, I thank you, my temptations are great, but I won't sell out.

And if it be that you have sold out, I exhort you to

lay claim to the redemption purchased by Jesus—"Ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money." God has help for those who are off the track.

A young man who is a member of the Episcopal church, has lately told me how he overcame a sinful habit. He broke off the habit at the request of his dying sister. Again he became addicted to the sin by the enticement of a friend. His slavery was worse than before. He asked a godly man to pray for him, and he prayed earnestly himself. The appetite was gone, and has not yet returned.

Though you have sold your inheritance, ask God, and use every power you possess and he will make you rich.

A young lawyer fell. He was rescued twice by the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The third time he fell and the third time was picked up. He reformed, he read law and has not drank for fifteen years. He is now the auditor of one of the states of this union.

If you have sold out I counsel you to buy back your lost possessions. "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things such as gold and silver, but with the precious blood of Christ, as a lamb without blemish and without spot."



The Curse and the Cure.

ROVERBS, xxiii, 31 and 32: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

I take as my subject to-night, "Our City's Curse and its Cure."

I preach this sermon, by request, to "The Metropolitan Prohibition Club." You number one hundred strong. You represent the different lines of professional business and mechanical life. I am told that you are men of ideas, of pluck and of push. As I look into your faces I see the young man with everything before him. I see the strong man in his prime with both hands a-hold of the world's work. I see the old man with gray hair, but with fire in his soul.

If anyone should ask me who you are I would point to you and say "These men are the sworn enemies of rum." I am told that Hanibal, the great general, had only one passion—hatred to Rome, and all the glowing enthusiasm of his soul, all the great virtues of his character, all the wonderful fertility of his mind were concentrated in this hatred. You are growing this hatred for rum.

When we consider the present make-up of society it is very natural that you should be called radicals and fanatics, and you are called by these names. But as I look up your history I do not wonder that you are radical. Some of you have suffered in a business way from strong drink. Others of your number have been slaves to the appetite, and still others of your body have seen those under its power who were as dear to you as life itself.

You have a purpose in your organization. It is refreshing to see a man or body of men with an object—an object worthy of themselves. It is your conviction that the rum traffic should go. That the drink custom should not be regulated but annihilated—wiped from the face of God's earth. You believe that the drink custom is a mad dog which has bitten many, and now, in our city, there are literally hundreds of these raging curs foaming at the mouth and hiding at every corner ready to spring out upon the passer by.

The officers and license board of the city say: "We will give you \$1,000 toward the education of your children, for everyone of these mad dogs you permit in the city," but you raise your voice to a scream of terror and shout, "Away with this wholesale murder in our streets!" You believe the proper place to curtail a bad business is just back of its ears. Your purpose is not only to hold this belief but to advocate it. You say, "The truth we have found is worthy the telling."

Again you propose the ballot as the small but mighty missile against the rum traffic. You believe that the

"ballot box" is "The ark of the covenant" for the American citizen. You believe that these little pieces of white paper, dropped by clean and honest hands, are more potent than the prayers of saints or the tramp of armies. The "Kingliest act of freedom is the freeman's vote." When Napoleon moved southward on his noted but disastrous march from Moscow, a single snowflake descended through the cold still air. Alone, it might not have bent the plume that quivered on the soldier's helmet. But lo! a second snowflake comes as noiselessly as the first, then a third, a fourth, until emperor and common soldiers alike knew that their fate was sealed. So these little white ballots will yet strike terror to the hearts of the lovers of rum; for thousands of men in this country have made up their minds that they will vote as they pray.

And you aim also to unify and crystalize the temperance working force. You know well that all over this land are thousands of true men who believe with you, and you say to then: "Come join our ranks."

"United we stand, divided we fall." You would take every strong arm in this city and teach it to fight the worst enemy the race ever had.

I am free to say I like you, I like your principle. I take you by the hand and call you brothers. There are certainly some preachers who are afraid to speak out today. Because if they speak out on this question they will lose their heads. The worst thing that Robert Ingersoll says of the preacher is that "he is an owl

sitting in a dead tree, hooting at a lost world." But I say a harder thing when I say there is many a preacher to-day in the pulpit who dares not speak his thoughts on the drink custom. But God does like a plucky preacher and men like such a one too.

A Methodist preacher has no excuse if he does not speak out. You see if it gets too hot for him in one place, and somebody does not shoot him, the Methodist machine picks him up and places him in another station. I hope more preachers will do as Peter Cartwright did when he was preaching on profanity and Andrew Jackson came into the church. Some man in the pulpit said softly, "Don't bear down too heavy on the swearers, Old Hickory is in the congregation and some times he is profane." "Well," said Peter Cartwright, "Andrew Jackson will go to hell like any common sinner if he don't stop swearing." Old Hickory said at the close of the sermon, "I wish I had a regiment of soldiers as brave as that preacher." I will tell you why I endorse you and why I shall pray for you:

You are making war against the meanest business on earth. This text says the drink custom is a serpent that bites and an adder that stings. We believe that this custom is the fruitful mother of impurity and crime. It murders the peace and industry of the country, and converts happy, industrious homes into hovels of poverty and misery. On account of drink, anxious wives and mothers watch and pray in tears, and with desolate hearts watch for the home coming of lost and ruined

loved ones. The most eloquent orator America has ever produced says: "From the time the liquor issues from coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, it demoralizes everybody that touches it. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and old age in its weakness. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crime, the mother of abominations, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy."

These are the words of a man outside of the church and all men know they are true.

Surely you ought to have the benediction of all, for you oppose the curse of the nation and the common foe of man.

This drink custom is the blight and curse of our city and if you could, you would wipe it out. We have about two hundred saloons in Omaha. This town is the very hot bed of whisky. There is only one decent saloon and that is a temperance saloon.

We have the so-called "first-class" saloons in our city; you will find them on Douglas and Farnam streets. What a mirror that is behind the bartender; what handsome pictures of landscape and animal lite adorn the walls. Everything that taste can devise and money can buy is used to attract the man. These are the dangerous places—where sin puts on her dress of beauty and says: "See how my votaries live!" These are the

places where a man drinks as long as he has plenty of money and before he gets too much bloated and besoted. But soon he is kicked out and goes to the hell of lower grade.

During this hot weather the beer gardens are doing a slashing business. Perhaps some of you have visited them. Here is one where the elite of the city are found during these sultry evenings. The enclosure is a large one; the orchestra furnishes music worth a better cause. Groups of laughing, talking, merry people sit at the round tables. "Everybody and his grandmother are there." Lawyers, doctors, merchants; the young man and the man with gray hair. The professed Christian and the sinners—all are here; 500 people drink everything from light wines to forty-rod whisky. Americans are never very particular what they drink, so it is not water.

The Frenchman takes wines, the German takes beer, the Scotchman takes ale, the Irishman takes whiskey, but the American takes anything he can lay his hands on. That is the way the people of Omaha do in the beer gardens.

At one of the beer gardens on south Thirteenth street, they told me that, on Sunday night, they sell as many as eleven kegs of beer and other drinks in proportion. And the tired waiter, long after midnight, sinks down on his cot to sleep, only to be awakened at five next morning, when the drinking begins again.

We have saloons for the workingman, for the sunbrowned toilers, for the men of the middle class, and here let me say these are the most valuable men in the city. God loves the men whose faces are kissed with the sunshine and whose clothes are soiled with brick dust and mortar. I only pray that they may be honest and sober and pure. But look what snares are set for their feet. In these saloons you will see the tables for billiards and cards. Here is a musical instrument which cost the owner \$2,000. The pictures are not fine, but they impress the men who see them.

The low down saloon is often a single small room. It is full of men and the men are full. Everybody talks loud and would give all his old clothes to get into a fight. Every kind of evil is born here. There is one of these saloons in our city that takes a man and finishes him on the grounds. It is prepared to give him a diploma in vice and to punish him in addition. It is one of the best arranged places in the city in its line. The man is first taken into the saloon and made beastly drunk, then he is shown upstairs into the gambling hell where he is robbed, and then the officer throws the poor wretch into the jail which is situated in the rear of the establishment. I have always thought that house was well managed.

The effects of dram drinking brand the custom as our city's curse.

I know a man who gets dead drunk. His wife, a delicate woman, supports him by taking in sewing and washing, and he pays for drink out of the money earned by his little son by the hardest and most slavish toil.

I am acquainted with another man who was a fine salesman a few months ago, but he took to drink. His employer told him that he would gladly give him \$100 a month if he would leave drink alone. He does so for one month and draws the promised money, but he falls again and goes down lower and lower until friends give bread to the drunkard and his wife.

The other day I met a friend on the street. He was hungry and clothed in rags. He had not slept in a bed for many nights, and he had the look of despair on his face. I asked him what had brought him to such a state of wretchedness. He replied, "The drink." Brethren, I can't tell you all I known—you would stop your ears and tell me to be silent. But God knows this drink is our city's curse.

Again, I endorse you with all my heart because you are the advocates of the great remedy. You believe in the enforcement of law. No man or set of men would be more rejoiced to see the present laws rigidly enforced than yourselves. But you say, "We have in mind and heart a more thorough remedy." Talk about regulating the saloon business, when the drinker has lost his will and the seller has lost his conscience. You might as well try to regulate a volcano belching out the stream of red-hot death upon your home. You might as well try to regulate the regions of the damned as to regulate the drink custom.

Your remedy is the one God sanctions. God says, "Don't look at it, don't touch it—it is an adder that will sting you to death."

Your remedy has worked practically and will do so. The prohibition sentiment is growing all over our land. Prohibition has already wrought wonders. Daily it is conquering enemies and winning hosts of friends. Voices from Maine and Georgia, Kansas and Iowa, testify with columns of figures and scores of stubborn facts, that prohibition does prohibit. Take the city of Atlanta for an example. This is a city of ten thousand people. Prohibition proposed mighty changes. Over 100 business houses were to be closed; 500 men were to be forced to give up a chosen employment. The city treasury was to be left with \$40,000 less revenue. Trade, amounting annually to millions, was to be turned away from the city. Many large business houses were to be left unrented. The most spirited and determined opposition was brought to bear against the movement.

A reliable writer says, "It is twelve months since the law went into effect and look at the results: Prohibition in this city does prohibit. The city has not been injured financially. According to the assessor's books property in the city has increased in value over two millions. Taxes have not increased. Five new banks have been added. Four new railroads have come to us, and manufacturing establishments have received new life. Store rooms in which the liquor traffic was conducted are not vacant but are now occupied by other lines of trade. Workingmen, who formerly spent a great part of their earning for liquor, now spend it in food and clothes for their families. More people ride on the street ears.

More children go to the public schools. More people attend church, and there is very little drinking in the city."

These are the words of the Atlanta Weekly Constitution, a paper that once opposed prohibition.

The principles you advocate are right and they are practical. Go on and make no apologies to men.

In conclusion I would say: See to it that good men all over our city are invited and urged to join you in your work. May "the little one become a thousand," is my prayer.

Do all you can for the enforcement of the present laws. Fight the devil at short range, but keep the abolition ever in view. Remember that victory will crown your efforts.

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
But the scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dark unknown,
Standeth God amid the shadows
Keeping watch above His own."

The papers are coming over on your side. The Voice in New York has a million dollars at its back, and this is your paper.

The highest dignitaries of the church say: "God bless the prohibition movement." The church that in the days of the rebellion sent the most nurses to the hospital and the most soldiers to the field is praying for you.

Don't forget that the better day is coming. Already you can see the red light of the morning.

Brethren, it is in the "promises" and nothing can stay it.

"The long black wings of retreating night go hustling down the past; the rosy wings of morning come sweeping up the future and the shouts of angels and of men usher in the advancing day."

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath is stored.
He has loosed the fateful lightenings of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:

As ye deal with My contemners so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel;

Since god is marching on."



Will it Pay.

Y subject for this sermon is, "Will it pay?" and we choose our text from I Timothy, iv, 8: "But Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." This question, "Will it pay?" is asked in every line of human effort. The young man asks it when he is considering whether he shall go to college or not, when he chooses his profession, and when he invests his few hard earned dollars. At every step, if he be wise, he stops and thinks and asks, "Will it pay?" Men before me this evening are asking this question concerning the religion of Jesus, "Will it pay?" This text says godliness pays in two worlds. This message says to you today, You can not lose. You have got the dead openand-shut on it. You are bound to make if you invest." Let us see if this is so. God says it pays in this life, and there is no mistake about this statement in Timothy, for Jesus himself says, He will give His followers an hundred fold in this present time.

Let us look at this question squarely. Take a note of the profit. Godliness will save you from disgrace. "The path of the just is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Look about you. How many men fall into disgrace, but among all the number not one true genuine Christian. A prominent lawyer in this state said: "During my term as district attorney I sent many a man over the road, but I never sent a Christian." Mark this. Here is well defined profit for the follower of Jesus—no disgrace, no infamy sticking to the life from the cradle to the grave.

Again, godliness possessed in the soul and lived out in the life will pay you financially. God says: "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed." One writer in the divine word says: "I have been young and now am old, yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." The whole tendency of sin is toward poverty and the whole tendency of righteousness is toward wealth. A man rose lately in a gospel meeting in one of our eastern cities. He was well dressed and had a thrifty look. He said at that meeting: "You do not know me. I was converted here some months ago. Then I was in rags and had no money. Now you see I have good clothes and I have \$5 for the collection to-day."

A poor, wretched man was converted in this city lately. In a few weeks he came back wearing a good overcoat, and when he gave in his testimony he wrapped his new, warm coat about him and said, "See what religion will do for a man." Friday, at the noon prayer meeting a man said: "A year ago I was a Christian, I had good clothes, money and friends. I got into bad company,

fell into sin, and now I am in rags and have no money." That's the old story. Sin will bring a man to a crust of bread, but righteousness will cause him to sit down at his father's table "where there is bread enough and to spare." The great reason why so many men in this city are financially ruined is because they have served the devil.

Godliness will pay you in the health line. Do you know why there are so many aching heads and disfigured faces, and broken constitutions, all around here? These are the servants of the devil. In many cases sickness is a sin. I met a man the other day with an awful looking face, and as I looked at him I said, I know where you did not get that face—you did not get it in a prayer meeting. Would the race not be handsome if they kept on their knees?

Godliness will insure you an enviable place in the hearts of men. "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." Do you know that the man who works for the wealth or honor of this world is quickly forgotten. Take two examples from an article in one of our daily papers of a recent date. The author says: "Walk through the corridors of the Fifth Avenue hotel, you will see many men whom the crowd have left. There sits Mahone, ex-senator from Virginia. Five years ago he was one of the most courted men of his state. He was the lion of the Senate, and when he came to New York, reporters kept at his heels to get 'an expression of opinion' from him. He was petted like a

child. Now he is laid out in political death. He sits alone by the hour." Ex-governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, is another example. Twenty-five years ago he was the idol of his state. He was worth millions of money and lived in a palace fit for a king. He married Kate Chase, the most beautiful woman of her day. All the world seemed to be at his feet. But his fortune was swept away. His beautiful wife went forth from his palace. He tumbled from an Alpine height of greatness to the lowest abyss of despair. To-day he is a little, old, blear-eyed man, without friends or fortune. The other day, he stood at the Astor house bar and gulped down a glass of whiskey, that some one else paid for, and seemed thankful that he was yet alive.

The good are never left as these men are whom I have mentioned. The good man's wealth is not controlled by the crowd. It is enshrined in his heart. His friends remember and love him, not for what he has, but for what he is. The only immortality on earth, that bad men have, is due to the fact that their names are associated with the good.

Godliness will insure to you absolute safety. "Who shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come night hee." Salvation will be to you a coat of mail in the battle of life.

Again, our Father promises "the life which is to come." Godliness reaches out with her rewards to the life beyond the grave.

Jesus looked on every earthly thing in its bearing on the great hereafter, and he made it our privilege to do the same. We ought to ask with reference to every important step, "How will this affect my interest in eternity?"

Godliness will give us an entrance into heaven. Think, if you can, what that means—an eternity in the happiest and most beautiful place in the universe, and having for your companions the purest spirits of all ages. And above all we shall behold the face of Jesus. Surely godliness will pay for two worlds.



Our Duties at Christmas Time.

WILL take two texts for my sermon, this Christmas morning: Matt. xvi, 16: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," and Romans xv, 1: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

Our subject this morning is, "Our duties at Christmas Time." This text takes for granted the greatest fact in the universe—namely, that "Jesus has come." The birth of Jesus is now an axiom. And bending to listen again this morning we can hear that sweetest of all anthems, sung by the angel choir, in the long ago, "Peace on earth and good will to men." This old world is still in love with the music of Bethlehem. Kings and peasants inquire, "Where can we find Him?" Wise men open their treasures and give to him the most beautiful and costly. The child Jesus is our Redeemer and the Saviour of the world.

The ablest preachers on earth will tell the story of His coming. Let us be content to know our Lord has come. And then to find out what we ought to do about it. Our text tells us, acknowledge Him—confess Him. I like Peter for his frank, open confession: "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." That is what Jesus wants from the whole world, this Christmas morning. This is what he came for, to pay the penalty of my sin and to set my feet on the road to heaven. But he came to give me the privilege of saying, "My Lord and my God." This world is full of men who believe, but they have not said, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God."

I made an open confession of Jesus at 10 years of age, and if I had it to do again I would begin sooner. Make a confession of Jesus this Christmas day and he will receive you.

Then, being strong in Jesus ourselves, our text tells us we can help bear the burdens of others. The master tells us we are not to please ourselves. The most unhappy people in this city to-day are those who have put in all their time trying to please themselves. But self is an egotistical and selfish old bear who will not be pleased.

I know some people in this town who are more than commonly happy this Christmas day because they have borne the burdens of others.

God put it into the hearts of certain newspaper men in our city to take the part of poor children. What pleas they made. They spoke to audiences of thousands.

Their words touched our hearts and we dropped a short letter to the public. Noble hearted men in our church came to our aid. God put it into the hearts of rich and poor to make poor children happy. One gentleman living near us said, "Go to the grocery store and get \$5 worth of provisions for the poor," and he sent other things as well, to make the unfortunate glad. A leading hatter on Fifteenth street sent us money, without a word, the money explaining itself.

A prominent lumber dealer sent a check, with the prayer that it might make some sad home happy. A wealthy lady on Eighteenth and Capitol avenue sent a gift in money. From one of the wealthy homes on Sherman avenue, a large contribution came to help the good work. A friend sends \$10 in cash and a large box of valuable books and toys. A brickman on North Nineteenth street puts it in our power to help many, and the editor of the Pawnee Press sends money for the children of Omaha. From a dealer in provisions, flour was sent to help to gladden the hearts of the needy.

Time will fail us to tell of the many who contributed money, clothing, toys, books, etc.

The sum reached at least \$150, and if the doners could have seen what this money did they would feel that it was a good investment. Poor workmen who had fallen from buildings, and whose wives and children were dependent, were given money and food. A widowed mother with six children was supplied with provisions and gifts for the little ones.

One mother, who was supporting a sick husband and little children, was given a \$5 gold piece and a sack of flour.

A worthy old Irish woman was presented with a turkey for her Christmas dinner, and her hearty "God bless you" will not soon be forgotten by the giver.

The Pawnee City editor's money was invested in two pairs of shoes for two little girls whose father had recently had his leg amputated, disabling him for work, while the wife supported the family by washing; some toys and provisions were taken in addition. The little woman was speechless from surprise, while her face and eyes expressed the thanks.

A poor woman, who had been deserted and was sick, was presented with a warm dress for winter.

A little boy, whose mother was dead, was remembered.

We wished you could have gone with us to the vicinity of Twentieth and Pierce streets, and seen the gratitude of those wretched children, which cannot be described. These are the kind of burdens that Jesus wants us to bear, and you know of many others. There is many a tried and tempted one, whose burden you can help to bear. You will find heaven at the door of the poor widow, if you supply her wants, or by the side of your tempted brother, if you are speaking words to cheer and help him.

We all know the divine side of religion, let us practice the human side.



A New Start.

E take our text from II Corinthians, v. 17: "Old things have passed away; behold all things have become new." And Isaiah I, 16-17: "Cease to do evil; learn to do well."

Our subject to-night is, "A New Start." First, we learn from this text that the old has passed away and the new has come. This is true at two distinct times, namely, when a soul is converted to God, and when the old year dies and the new year is born. At midnight, last night, God buried the old year. The same hand that buried Moses on Nebo buried 1887. God laid our old friend to rest in the sepulchre of the departed years. With one hand the Almighty closed the eyes of 1887 and gently laid him to rest, while with the other He swung open the door of welcome for 1888. The cradle and the grave are close together.

To-day we say tenderly, "farewell" to 1887 and "hail" to 1888. While it is sad to part with the old, it is pleasant to welcome the new.

Take a hasty glimpse at these two—the old and the new. As we take the last look at the face of 1887 let us throw something into his grave—a sprig of evergreen to show our love for him, but let us throw in, too, our fail-

ures and mistakes and sins. I only want to remember enough of the past to make me wiser and better for the future. One hasty glance at the past makes me lift my face to my Heavenly Father with the prayer that He will help me start anew for Heaven to-night. I have always liked those words out of the best book, "Forgetting the things which are behind, I press toward the mark for the prize." It will take us sometime to get acquainted with our new friend. More than once we shall write 1887, then erase and write 1888. Look at this baby year. He comes with silence. His fingers are on his lips. He will not tell what he has in store for us, whether good or ill. He comes enveloped in a flame of light. Other years have been wrapped in a mantle of darkness, while he, like Elijah, rides in a chariot of fire. On his chariot are Jesus' words, "Light is come into the world." Never did men know the difference between right and wrong as they know it to-day. He comes bringing in those chubby, childish hands of his marvelous blessings—blessings that great true hearts have prayed for. Try to count them. They are more than you can number. He comes to us bearing precious opportunities that touch body, mind and heart, and will affect other souls for eternity.

I am glad, too, that he will help us in the making of manhood, for this child reaches up and places on our shoulders grave responsibilities. Have you ever seen a man who did not bear a burden?

I expect great things of this New Year. I am sure he will bring for us the greatest successes or the greatest failures, but if God be on our side, we cannot fail. We remark in the second place as we look into the text and into the face of the New Year, that God lays upon us all one supreme duty, namely this, that we should "cease to do evil and learn to do well." In a word, He wants us to take a new start for the right and for Heaven this New Year's day. And why not? Men often make a new beginning in other lines of effort. Though they have been beaten once and again, this does not deter them from gathering up their scattered force and facing their enemy.

Robert Hall, while yet a student, was appointed to deliver an address. After proceeding for a short time, much to the gratification of his auditory, he suddenly paused, covered his face with his hands and exclaimed, "O, I have lost all my ideas." His second attempt was even a greater failure. But this same man, afterwards, for nearly half a century, excited universal attention and admiration by the splendor of his pulpit eloquence. We know business men who have lost all they had in the awful fire that swept away the earnings of years, but the next day they went to clearing away the rubbish and building anew. When Sheridan rode back from Winchester that day he saw his splendid army in retreat. His mind was quickly made up; he rode the black horse down the broken and terror-stricken lines and hurled them back into the very teeth of the foe. Many of us have been beaten in the battle for right and we almost fear to enter the lists again, and well we might if we went alone. But this text is God's tocsin, calling new recruits and old veterans and the deserters on to duty.

God singles us out and speaks to every class and to men of all ages. He asks every one of us to make a new start who have in any degree failed. I want to be the first man to make this new start. I see so many failures in the past. I see such a deep significance in this short life. So I say to all you about me, "Let us make vows to God to-day that shall never be broken." The voice of conscience, the mercy of our Heavenly Father and the truth of the Divine Word all unite to urge us to choose God now. Some will ask—I trust many—"How can I make this new start?" This truth will help you: When you start to meet God, He starts to meet you. And mark this, He will go more than half way. And when you ask, "How shall I find Him?" His spirit is sent to direct you, and divine power is put into your heart to enable you to become a son.

Start then by kneeling down and giving yourself to God in prayer and self-consecration, and God will lift you up and make you His child. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

In conclusion, I would urge you to make the new start for Heaven. Two pictures are before you—your worse self and your better self. You can even read your own features; you know it is yourself. Your choice will fix the soul's destiny—choose the right; choose God.

"Cease to do evil; learn to do well."

Great Failures and their Causes.

Y subject to-night is, "Great Failures and their Causes." Matthew, vii, 27: "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it."

I will first speak of great failures in business. Great failures have swept over this country in waves. I am told that ninety men out of every hundred fail; seven barely scrape along, and three get rich.

In 1857 the failures of great business houses were of daily occurrence. About every seventh year since that memorable time, disastrous failures have shaken the country from center to circumference. But these events are not confined to these stated intervals, as the sad work of recent years have proven. Look at the long record of great failures within the past decade.

Such bankers and business men as Jay Cook & Co. close their doors. Great banks in California fail. Fitch & Hatch of New York, bankers and dealers in government bonds, go to the wall. Ward goes down and pulls a great and honest soldier with him. Such men as Matthew Morgan & Sons suspend, though this old firm has been rated at a million.

On the doors of Cornelius K. Garrison is written "In the hands of an assignee." Once this man owned the Missouri Pacific. In 1879 he sold the interest he then held in this road to Jay Gould for four millions. In 1884 he is prostrated by sickness, old age, and debt.

Yesterday, a man was president of a great railroad, and, supposed to be worth his millions. To-day, he is shattered in health and ruined financially. Yesterday, a man drove a dashing team, and had a name that carried power in the circles of trade. To-day, if every man had his due, he would be penniless.

Let us now look into the cause of these failures. I name speculation as the very first one. Christian men speculate with borrowed money. We have no right to take the property of others and turn it into kites to fly, and bubbles to blow. Speculation will break the best man at last. An oil king in Pennsylvania, speculated for twenty years, but failed at the end of that time. When will the men of this country learn, that the road to speculation is a dangerous one. Wall street is the place for roguery, trickery and the wildest speculation, where only men of iron make-up can stand. I am not surprised that the money bags are closing their mouths, these days. The speculations which have prevailed in city and country, demand such closing.

Another cause of these financial failures is dishonesty. God spoke the truth when he said, "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and in the end shall be a fool."

Men fail, in many cases because they want to fail. If a man fails once, he is poor; the second time he is comfortable, and a third failure makes him rich. Of course there are exceptions, but as a rule, no honest institution need fail. Usually, an honest house will make friends who will stand by it when storms come, knowing that every dollar will be accounted for. For example, a few years ago the Savings Bank of this city was called unsafe. But in that hour of distrust, many friends said to the bank officials, "Pay out the money; we are ready to help you." The depositors could not break the bank, because the institution was honest. It is seldom that you can break a thoroughly honest house, or a thoroughly honest man; whereas knavery and trickery will at last relieve any man of his money, and it ought to.

Again, extravagant living is a most fruitful cause of failure. Ward lived like a prince; no clothes too fine for him, no carriage too elegant. The very ground was too "earthly" for him to step on, and this same extravagance finally clothed him in a striped suit. In the cities ladies go to church and wipe the tears on handkerchiefs which cost \$150, and some ladies wear shawls which cost from \$100 to \$3,000.

The men smile and are glad that the sisters are getting it, but I have to say, that the men do their full share of throwing money to the winds, the husbands of these very women, wear boots too tight to walk in the ways of righteousness. They go to the club and stay until the small hours of the morning, drinking the oldest wines and smoking the most costly cigars.

Men in this country have almost forgotten the meaning of the word "economy." Once, if a man got a thousand a year, he saved two hundred; to-day, if he gets a thousand, he spends fifteen hundred. We are rapidly becoming a nation of spendthrifts. We run in debt, and buy all we can get trusted for in prosperous days. Then when the hard times come, we fail. Even some preachers, not very far from this town, are driving horses and carriages they never paid for.

Notice in the second place, "Great failures in Character." If there is a failure at all in character, it is a great failure. A business failure is bad, but a character failure is worse. A man is not really poor until he has lost his honor. Then he is a beggar, indeed.

Right along with business failures you will see these more costly character failures, and this is the awful failure Jesus is talking about in the text. It is sad to see a block of brick and mortar fall, but it is infinitely worse, to see a man under that wall.

The Bible has recorded many of these failures. Here is a King's son—a man of royal blood, fine address, magnificent appearance, splendid possibilities and opportunities, but he fails—and to-day, even, we hear the sad lament of his royal father. "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom. Would God I had died for thee. O Absalom my son, my son!"

Looking again in the Divine Word we see the son of Kish. He stands head and shoulders above the people. Though from the ranks of the commonwealth, he was

born a king. He does well for a time, but eventually goes into bankruptcy, and one day the tragedy culminates on Mt. Gilboa.

These character failures in the history of our land are many—Burr, Fisk, Tweed and thousands of others. We are sad as we say it, but there are many to-day, even in our own city, going into bankruptey as to character. So few men can stand prosperity. Give them an extradollar, or an office, and they want to go to hell without delay. They are in a hurry to get there. Failures in character are all about us.

You know the causes: a fool can read these. They depend upon themselves. They think the judgment will never come, whereas every day is a judgment day. They build on the sand instead of the rock; on the world instead of on Jesus. When will men learn?

Lastly, I speak in brief of the awful failure in respect to the interests of the eternal soul, when the business fails, and the good name and character suffers, the soul is blackened and lost. The lost world is full of such souls. These soul failures are the persons who failed in character, but who would not go to the character mender and builder. The wagon broke down opposite a shop, but they would not go in and have it repaired, and the injury reaches to the soul and lasts for ever.

In conclusion, let me say, we do not need to be bankrupt in soul. Jesus by his suffering and death has laid the greatest wealth at our feet, and he will honor every draft to which he has attached his signature. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mt. Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever." Be careful how you live.

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear.

Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal you win."

Build your house upon the rock and not upon the sand.



Elements of Success.

OUNG ladies and gentlemen of the Omaha commercial college: I am very glad to meet you and to spend this hour with you. I want to congratulate you on the excellent opportunity here afforded you to secure a business education. I am very glad that I can call the professors of this institution my personal friends. I am not at all surprised, that this college has prospered under their wise management, nor do I wonder that within the past four years two thousand students have received instruction here for a longer or shorter time, and of these four hundred young men have been sent out capable of filling responsible positions and are now doing well.

Looking into your faces as I do to-night, brings up before me in panoramic view my own college life. I left my father's farm at nineteen years of age. My fortune consisted of a fixed purpose to do right, a small trunk full of clothes and five dollars in money. I took a three years' preparatory course and four years in the classical course. I worked my own way through and paid my own bills. I do not think it is a misfortune for a boy to be poor, it is ofttimes rather a great help, for in that case the boy has neither leisure nor money to go to the devil

with. When I came out of college I had good health, a sheepskin and ten dollars in money, and with this immense capital I went into my present business. only two regrets as I look over my school days; first, I did not make all that work as practical as I might have done. To-night I would gladly trade some knowledge of Latin and Greek for the ability to write a good hand in plain English. My writing is absolutely fearful. One of my professors looked at it a few years ago and said: "Well it is peculiar. There is nothing like it in heaven or on earth." This hand I write has been a disadvantage all along. I suppose you have heard of the trouble Horace Greeley got into on account of his illegible hand. It is said he wrote a business letter to an old farmer. The farmer could not read it so he gave it to his two daughters to read. They made it out that it was on offer of marriage to the oldest girl, and she wrote back that everything was all right. Mr. Greelev having a good deal of chivalry in his makeup, performed his part of the programme. If I were taking a 'course' again, I would get mind discipline out of practical studies. My other mistake was this, I did not put the value on those years of study that I should now. I should do more thorough work, or try to at least if I had the ground to go over. Indistinct images of truth are worthless. The thing we know, alone, is of value. But those days have gone, and with their successes and failures must stand as they are written. The present only is ours.

Our subject to-night is "Elements of Success." Lit-

erally the word "Success" means the prosperous issue or favorable termination of anything. At the present day, the word has practically two definitions. "Success" in the eyes of many means gain; means money without regard to conscience or character. "Success" is only the synonym for fine clothes, magnificent houses and grounds and splendid turnouts. Or it means a place and name in the political history of the country. Thousands of people in this city fall in with this idea of "success." If this be success, may God deliver us from it! Some of the worst failures we have ever seen have been called successful by the crowd. But there is a higher success. In my judgment the successful man may be rich or poor, for money is not the chief factor. Did a man ever ask if Andrew Marvel, of England, was rich? Do we estimate Lincoln or Garfield or Logan any the less because they were not millionaires. Ah! no. Success means rather an attainment of character. It means integrity and nobility and purity of soul. Then as a natural consequence the living and oftentimes wealth follows. If you want my opinion of a successful man, you must tell me what he is rather than what he has. You yourselves can name the elements which produce this success I describe.

If you be well born, and well taught in your childhood, so much in your favor.

Fix your aim high. Let it be the development of soul nobility. Then get ready, as you are doing here at this college. Let your calling be one for which you have an especial fitness or liking, and do not shun the humbler

walks of life. I know a teamster and a blacksmith in this city who are both noble men, and they have already secured a competency. Oh, if you young men would only have a high ideal! Not so much as to the business you choose as to the manhood you shall develop in your respective lines.

Again, success, to-day, demands a brave heart. This world is full of cowards.

Many men now are much like that fellow who climbed the rafters while his wife killed the bear with the poker, and then came down and said, "Wife I believe you and me together could kill the devil." Never fear. There is a place for you if you will win it and take it.

Oultivate a strong will. You must have a backbone. Andrew Jackson had only one bone in his back and that was a straight one. Frederick the Great is a good example of will power. He said, "As long as there is a man in Prussia, he shall carry a gun, and as long as there is a horse left he shall draw artillery." And you know the result of that seven years' war.

You must have a genius for hard work. Charlotte Cushman said, "They say it is genius, but I tell you it is nothing but sweat." Labor is the condition of all improvement. The great names of the world were none of them idlers.

Then do your work well. It does not matter so much what you do, as how you do it. The value of skilled labor is estimated on a democratic basis. President Eliot, of Harvard University, the cook at the Parker

House Restaurant, and Mary T. Booth, who edits Harper's Bazar, each get \$4,000 a year.

Be a gentleman in your heart. The true gentleman will win his way where the boor will fail. Keep free from the vices of the day. Thousands are being entrapped all about you.

Keep your soul pure. Piety is the Corinthian pillar of success. By this Daniel won his way from captivity to be prime minister of three kingdoms. Without piety man fails of the great prize—of rest and Heaven at last.

















